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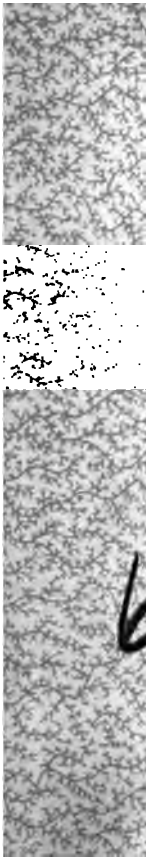
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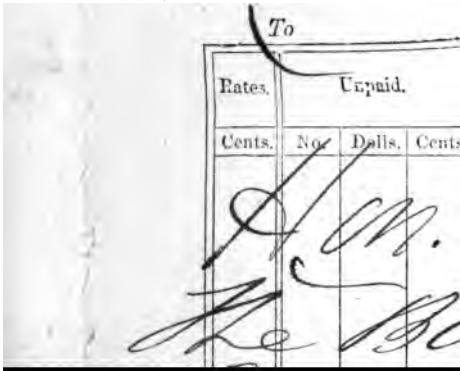
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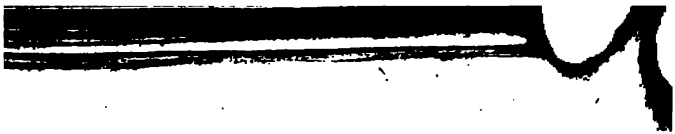


BELL'S EDITION
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Scraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense!—We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath rod'd,
What 'tis employs the blessed, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

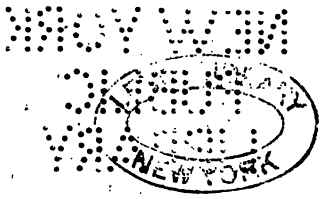
Sov'reign of Sacred Verse! accept the lays
Or a young bard that dares attempt thy praise——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page:
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. V.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE Apollo Press,
BY GEORGE CAWTHORN, NO. 132, STRAND;
AND SOLD BY KEELER AND PRINTER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1802.


NEW YORK

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING HIS

HORÆ LYRICÆ,

IN THREE BOOKS,

AND

POEMS CHIEFLY OF THE LYRIC KIND.

Hail, heav'n born Muse! tune with celestial flame
And high seraphic numbers dare attempt
To gain thy native skies.---With thought sublime
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring heights stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eye or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports feel
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget PHILOMELA.

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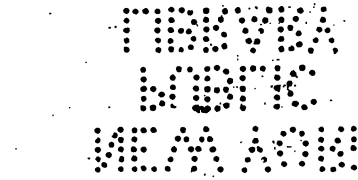

ПЕВЧУВА
МЕЛАФИР

PREFACE.

It has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness, that an art inspired from heaven should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it preverted from its most glorious design! how basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! the iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song which history has brought down to our ears with a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel when his "right hand became glorious in "power, when thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in "pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharaoh and his "hosts were cast into the Red Sea; thou didst blow "with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they "sunk as lead in the mighty waters," *Exod.* xv. This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they

m away far into a bright ...
glimpse of evangelic day. The life of an
moniously breathed into the children of Ad
ir minds raised near to heaven in melody
n at once.

e younger days of Heathenism the Muses
l to the same service: the language in w
siod addresses them is this:

rian Muses, fam'd for heav'nly lays,
:scend, and sing the God your father's praise.

e pursues the subject in ten pious lines, wh
bear to transcribe if the aspect and sound
Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.
some of the later poets of the Pagan world
:d his divine gift; and many of the writ
rst rank in this our age of national Chri
to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest
... They have not only disrobed relig

ruder herd of mankind. The Vices have been painted like so many goddesses, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where Nature needs the strongest restraints. With sweetness of sound and delicacies of expression they have given a relish to blasphemies of the harshest kind; and when they rant at their Maker in sonorous numbers they fancy themselves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almost in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried "Reformation," while the stage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious design of church and state. The press has spread the poison far and scattered wide the mortal infection; unthinking youth, you have enticed to sin, beyond the vicious propensities of Nature, plunged early into diseases and death, and sunk down to damnation in multitudes! Was it for this that Poesy was endued with all those allurements that lead the mind away in a pleasing captivity? Was it for this she was furnished with so many intellectual charms that she might seduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the most lively of beings? Can I ever be persuaded that those sweet and resistless forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design, that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit to invade the rights of Heav'n, and to bring swift and everlasting destruction upon men? How will these allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane ver-

wful scene before them in just ...

If the application were not too rude and noble stanza of my Lord Roscommon on ... might be addressed to them:

ons! whose contagious breath
the dark retreats of Death,
your dire hissings into heav'nly songs,
aise your Maker with your forked tongues.

ofanation and debasement of so divine an mpted some weaker Christians to imagine ry and vice are nearly akin, or at least that fit only to recommend trifles and entertain r hours, but it is too light and trivial a me- treat any thing that is serious and sacred. omit indeed to use it in divine psalmody, but the driest translation of the Psalm best. They ure to sing a dull hymn or two at church in equal dulness; but still they persuade them- ... the beauties of poesy are

and rash an opinion: let me entreat them not to indulge this sour this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches: let me entreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot or were they never told that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange, than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the "earth a-trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve, "from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the "stars in their courses fought against Sissera: when "the river Kishon swept them away, that ancient "river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trod-"den down strength," *Judg.* v. 4. *&c.* When Eliphaz in the book of Job speaks his sense of the holiness of God he introduces a machine in a vision; "Fear came "upon me, trembling on all my bones, the hair of "my flesh stood up; a spirit passed by and stood still, "but its form was undiscernable; an image before "mine eyes, and silence; then I heard a voice say-"ing, shall mortal man be more just than God?" *&c. Job* iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous he "hides him from the scourge of the tongue,

it! "It is a region to [illegible]
d whence I shall not return; it is a land of darl
ss, it is a darkness itself, the land of the shadow
ath; all confusion and disorder, and where tl
ht is as darkness. This is my house, there ha
made my bed: I have said to corruption, th
my father, and to the worm, thou art my m
ier and my sister: as for my hope who shall s
? I and my hope go down together to the bars
e pit," *Job* x. 21. and xvii. 13. When he hu
himself in complainings before the almightin
od what contemptible and feeble images doth
"Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? W
ou pursue the dry stubble? I consume away li
rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth,"
. 25. &c. "Thou liftest me up to the wind, tl

"have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock;
"for want and famine they were solitary; fleeing in-
"to the wilderness desolate and waste; they cut up
"mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their
"meat: they were driven forth from among men:
"(they cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in
"the cliffs of the vallies, in caves of the earth, and in
"rocks; among the bushes they brayed, under the
"nettles they were gathered together; they were
"children of fools, yea, children of base men; they
"were viler than the earth; and now am I their song
"yea, I am their by-word," &c. How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! "Ter-
"rors are turned upon him, they pursue his soul as
"the wind, and his welfare passes away as a cloud;
"his bones are pierced within him, and his soul is
"poured out; he goes mourning without the sun, a
"brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; while
"his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them
"that weep." I must transcribe one half of his holy book if I would show the grandeur, the variety, and the justness, of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression; I must copy out a good part of the writings of David and Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style; nor is the language of the lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now while they paint human nature in its various

d, " he inhabits eternity, and sits upon the th
f his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessi
hen his holiness is mentioned, " the heaven
ıot clean in his sight, he charges his angels
'olly; he looks to the moon and it shineth not
he stars are not pure before his eyes; he is a je
God and a consuming fire." If we speak of stre
ehold he is strong; he removes the mountains
hey know it not, he overturns them in his a
ıe shakes the earth from her place and her p
remble; he makes a path through the mighty
:ers; he discovers the foundations of the world
illars of heaven are astonished at his reproof."
er all these are but a portion of his ways; "
:hunder of his power who can understand?"
'eriegnty, his knowledge and his wisdom, ar
ıled to us in language vastly superior to al
:tical accounts of Heathen divinity. " Let the

" He commands the sun and it riseth not, and he " sealeth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep " be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them " that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord; " his eyes are upon all their ways: he understands " their thoughts afar off; hell is naked before him, " and destruction hath no covering; he calls out all " the stars by their names; he frustrateth the tokens " of the liars, and maketh the diviners mad; he turns " wise men backward, and their knowledge becomes " foolish." His transcendent eminence above all things is most nobly represented when he " sits upon the " circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are " as grashoppers; all nations before him are as the " drop of a bucket, and as the small dust of the ba- " lance; he takes up the isles as a very little thing; " Lebanon, with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a " sacrifice to this God, nor are all her trees sufficient " for the burning. This God, before whom the whole " creation is as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and " vanity. To which of all the Heathen gods then will " ye compare me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be " likened to?" And to which of all the Heathen poets shall we liken and compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of the Godhead? The orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness. Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings, where God is creating the

d pursued, the nation ....
r the word of God, and the wits of the
ave been secured from the danger of de
hey must have been forced to confess at le
vinity of all the poetical books of Scripture
see a genius running through them more thar
Who is there now will dare to assert tha
trines of our holy faith will not indulge or
delightful dress? Shall the French poet *
by saying

" De la foy d'un Crestien les mysteres terrib
" D' ornemens egayez ne sont point susceptz

But the French critic †, in his " Refle
" Eloquence," tells us " that the majest
" gion, the holiness of its laws, the puri
" rals, the height of its mysteries, and t
" of every subject that belongs to it, n
.... a nobleness, a majesty, and ele
.... sparkling ima

this is far better counsel than Horace gives us when he says

---------- "*Vos exemplaria Græca*
"*Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna?*"

As in the conduct of my studies with regard to divinity I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency; so if I were to set up for a poet with a design to exceed all the modern writers I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the Prophets night and day. I am sure the composures of the following book would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Mons. Boileau's objection from other poets of his own country. What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of Christian subjects in some of their best tragedies! What a variety of divine scenes are displayed and pious passions awakened in those poems! The martyrdom of Polyeucte how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the same time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand* that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for and sought in vain in our own: yet I must confess that the Davideis

* Philomela.

ence of its being ...
futed. *

t is true indeed the Christian mysteries h
:h need of gay trappings as beautified o
mposed the Heathen superstition; but t
akes for the greater ease and surer succes
oet. The wonders of our religion, in a plai
ion and a simple dress, have a native grandeu
nity and a beauty in them, though they do no
disdain all methods of ornament. The Boo
Revelations seems to be a prophecy in the fo
opera or a dramatic poem, where divine art
the subject with many charming glories: t
must be acknowledged that the naked
Christianity have something brighter an
...mething more surprising and cel
... and heroes, all

so relieve a dull hour and a languishing genius, that when the Muse nods the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expense might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a Christian poem than a modern play? There is nothing amongst all the ancient fables or later romances that have two such extremes united in them as the Eternal God becoming an infant of days; the Possessor of the palace of heaven laid to sleep in a manger; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was God over all, blessed for ever! and the Sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring. The heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the Furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowry stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe, the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet: our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the *very life or death* of his soul.

a wild world, and reduce it at least to sc
same happy talent were employed in dress
s of religion in their proper figures of n
ness, and terror! the wonders of creating
eeming love and renewing grace, ought
us impiously neglected by those whom l
ndued with a gift so proper to adorn and c
; an art whose sweet insinuations might
y piety in resisting nature, and melt the
to the love of virtue. The affairs of this li
reference to a life to come, would shine
dramatic description; nor is there any
eason why we should always borrow the
y from the ancient Jews or primitive n
h several of these would furnish out no
s for this sort of poesy; but modern scene
tter understood by most readers, and the
would be much more easy. The anguis

the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal, and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds, these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances under a divine blessing call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty? This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them, for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose, the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral Odes of Horace and the ancient

frame and humour of my soul.

subject of my verse: the image of my
nted in them; and if they meet with
ose soul is akin to mine perhaps they ma
ly entertain him. The dulness of the fa
parseness of expression will disappear; the s
f the humour will create a pleasure, and ir
overcome and conceal the defects of the Muse.
gentlemen and ladies whose genius and e
have given them a relish of oratory and ve
be tempted to seek satisfaction among the
diversions of the stage, and impure sonnet
be no provision of a safer kind made to p
While I have attempted to gratify innoce
this respect, I have not forgotten to allu
to virtue, and to raise it to a disdain of
sures. The frequent interposition of a de
may awaken the mind to a serious sense

The same duty

not more difference in their outward shape and features than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more easily susceptive of religion in a grave discourse and sedate reasoning; some are best frighted from sin and ruin by terror, threatening, and amazement; their fear is the properest passion to which we can address ourselves, and begin the divine work: others can feel no motive so powerful as that which appplies itself to their ingenuity and their polished imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the soul to lead it away betimes from vicious pleasures; and if I could but make up a composition of virtue and delight suited to the taste of well-bred youth and a refined education, I had some hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and custom, that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight inclination to satire or burlesque I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling Muse are not hard to be obtained, but I would disdain their assistance where a manly invitation to virtue and a friendly smile may be successfully employed. Could I persuade any man by a kinder method I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are some morose readers that stand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of Love; but have we not the cares and the

state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue
advantage of it, the mutual assistance in t
salvation. Are not the cxxviith and cxxvii
indited on this very subject? Shall it be law
press and the pulpit to treat of it with a l
solemnity in prose, and must the mention
ne thing in poesy be pronounced for ever
? Is it utterly unworthy of a serious charac
e on this argument because it has been unh
olluted by some scurrilous pens? Why ma
permitted to obviate a common and a gro
schief, while a thousand vile poems of the an
ind swarm abroad, and give a vicious taint
wary reader? I would tell the world that I h
oured to recover this argument out of
of impure writers, and to make it appear t

nd sweeter sound render what I have
ible and useless!
of that noblest Latin poet of mo-
mire Sarbiewski of Poland, would
lid they but arise to the beauty of the
s often taken the freedom to add ten
or to leave out as many, that I might
more to my own design, or because I
ble to present the force, the fineness,
his expression in our language. There
s wherein I borrowed some hints from
or without the mention of his name in
thinks I can allow so superior a genius
to be lavish in his imagination, and to
excursions beyond the limits of sedate
the riches and glory of his verse make
in abundance. I wish some English pen
rt more of his treasures and bless our na-

iptions to particular friends are warranted
d by the practice of almost all the Lyric
ley frequently convey the rigid rules of
the mind in the softer method of applause.
y their example a man will not easily be
d by the heaviest censures of the unthink-
knowing, especially when there is a sha-
practice in the divine Psalmist, while he

ongs that we
one) his Lyre
d himself.
have attempted
e, comma, and
as its peculiar
he excellency of
un on by coup-
pace and with
pleasure of the
tedious uniform
manly softness
me of even ca-

ave not set up
he shall be for
the bondage.
qualled instan-

poem; nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion that blank verse may be written with all due elevation of thought in a modern style, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's Tales, or running back as far as the days of Colin the Shepherd and the reign of the Fairy Queen. The oddness of an antique sound gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abuses the true relish even when it works delight. There were some such judges of poesy among the old Romans; and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them that was pleased, even to astonishment, with obsolete words and figures:

"*Attonitusque legis terrai frugiferal.*"

So the ill-drawn postures and distortions of shape that we meet with in Chinese pictures charm a sickly fancy by their very awkwardness; so a distempered appetite will chew coals and sand and pronounce it gustful.

In the Pindarics I have generally conformed my lines to the shorter size of the Ancients, and avoided to imitate the excessive lengths to which some modern writers have stretched their sentences, and especially the concluding verse. In these the ear is the truest judge; nor was it made to be enslaved to any precise model of elder or later times.

After all I must petition my reader to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the

; to think there are no faults, nor so blind as
one, though I hope the multitude of alteratic
; second edition are not without amendme
is so large a difference between this and t
in the change of titles, lines, and whole poer
l as in the various transpositions, that it wo
less and endless, and all confusion, for any rea
npare them throughout. The additions a
up almost half the book, and some of these h
)f as many alterations as the former. Man
eeds the file to polish the roughness of it,
a thought wants richer language to adorn
it shine. Wide defects and equal superflui
be found, especially in the larger pieces; b
at present neither inclination nor leisure to

friends may be perfectly secure against thisimpression's growing waste upon their hands, and useless as the former has done. Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poesy can be made serviceable to religion and virtue; as for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little and written so much. The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station, excepting those hours that may be employed in finishing my Imitation of the Psalms of David in Christian language, which I have now promised the world. *

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy entirely pleases me; the best of them sinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that deals in the mysteries of Heaven or of the Muses should be a genius of no vulgar mould; and as the name *Vates* belongs to both, so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace,

——"*Cui mens divinior, atque os*
"*Magna sonaturum.*"——

But what Juvenal spake in his age abides true in ours; a complete poet or a prophet is such a one,

——"*Qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*"

Perhaps neither of these characters in perfection shall ever be seen on earth till the seventh angel has

* *In the* year 1719 these were finished and printed. *Watts.*]

sounded his awful trumpet, till the v
plete over the Beast and his image, w
of heaven shal join in concert wit
saints, and sing to their golden harp
" honour, and glory, to him that sits u
" and to the Lamb, for ever!"

May 14, 1709.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS,

ADDRESSED TO MR. WATTS.

On reading Dr. Watts' poems sacred to piety and devotion.

REGARD the man who in seraphic lays
And flowing numbers sings his Maker's praise:
He needs invoke no fabled Muse's art,
The heav'nly song comes genuine from his heart,
From that pure heart which God has deign'd t' inspire
With holy raptures and a sacred fire.
Thrice happy man! whose soul and guiltless breast
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' almighty guest!
'Tis he that lends thy tow'ring thoughts their wing,
And tunes thy lyre when thou attempt'st to sing;
He to thy soul lets in celestial day
Ev'n whilst imprison'd in this mortal clay.
By Death's grim aspect thou art not alarm'd;
He for thy sake has Death itself disarm'd:
Nor shall the grave o'er thee a vict'ry boast;
Her triumph in thy rising shall be lost,
When thou shalt join th' angelic choirs above
In never-ending songs of praise and love. EUSEBIA.

To Dr. Watts on his poems sacred to devotion.

I.

To murm'ring streams in tender strains
My pensive Muse no more
Of *Love's* enchanting force complains
Along the flow'ry shore.

III.

gay Alexis in the grove
ll be my future theme;
rn with an immortal love,
d sing a purer flame.

IV.

aphic heights I seem to gain
d sacred transports feel
hile Watts! to thy celestial strain
:pris'd I listen still.

V.

e gliding streams their course forbear
ıen I thy lays repeat,
e bending forest lends an ear,
e birds their notes forget.

VIII.

Unto the new-found realms which see
The latter sun arise,
When with an easy progress he
Rolls down their nether skies. PHILOMELA.

July 1706.

To Dr. Watts on reading his Horæ Lyricæ.

HAIL, heav'n-born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphic numbers durst attempt
To gain thy native skies. No common theme
Merits thy thought, self conscious of a soul
Superior, tho' on earth detain'd a while.
Like some propitious angel that's design'd
A resident in this inferior orb
To guide the wand'ring souls to heav'nly bliss,
Thou seem'st; while thou their everlasting songs
Hast sung to mortal ears, and down to earth
Transferr'd the work of Heav'n; with thought sublime
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father; as of old,
When first th' Almighty from the dark abyss
Of everlasting night and silence call'd
The shining worlds with one creating word,

e bounteous Author of their happiness,
om orb to orb th' alternate music rang,
id from the crystal arches of the sky
ach'd our then glorious world, the native seat
the first happy pair, who join'd their songs
the loud echoes of th' angelic choirs,
id fill'd with blissful hymns terrestrial heav'n,
ie Paradise of God, where all delights
ounded, and the pure ambrosial air
nn'd by mild zephyrs breath'd eternal sweets,
rbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd
esh heav'nly bloom and gay immortal youth.
Not so, alas! the vile apostate race,
ho in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,
saulting with their impious blasphemies
ie Pow'r supreme that gave them life and breath;
carnate fiends! outrageous they defy'd
1' Eternal's thunder, and Almighty wrath
which all the other devils

Where bound on sulph'rous lakes to glowing rocks
With adamantine chains they wail their woes,
And know Jehovah great as well as good,
And fix'd for ever by eternal Fate
With horror find his arm omnipotent.
Prodigious madness! that the sacred Muse,
First taught in heav'n to mount immortal heights,
And trace the boundless glories of the sky,
Should now to ev'ry idol basely bow
And curse the Deity she once ador'd,
Erecting trophies to each sordid vice,
And celebrating the infernal praise
Of haughty Lucifer, the desp'rate foe
Of God and man, and winning ev'ry hour
New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
Hear these accursed lays, and thus outdone
Raging they try to match the human race,
Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,
And with loud curses rend the gloomy vault.
Ungrateful mortals! ah! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter Heav'n and laugh at hell,
To dress up vice in false delusive charms,
And with gay colours paint her hideous face,
Leading besotted souls thro' flow'ry paths
In gaudy dreams and vain fantastic joys
To dismal scenes of everlasting woe,
When the great Judge shall rear his awful throne,
And raging flames surround the trembling globe,

And guilty souls to
Within those dire eternal prison
Expect their sad inexorable doom.
Say now, ye men of wit! what turn of thou
Will please you then? alas! how dull and
Ev'n to yourselves will your lewd flights a
How will you envy then the happy fate
Of idiots! and perhaps in vain you'll wis
You'ad been as very fools as once you th
Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'
When pointed lightnings from the wrat
Shall singe your laurels, and the very
Who thought they flew so high shall f
No more, my Muse! of that tremer
Resume thy more delightful theme, a
immortal man that with immort
of angels, and like

May those forgotten and neglected lie;
No more let men be fond of fabulous gods,
Nor Heathen wit debauch one Christian line,
While with the coarse and daubing paint we hide
The shining beauties of eternal Truth,
That in her native dress appears most bright,
And charms the eyes of angels---Oh! like thee
Let ev'ry nobler genius tune his voice
To subjects worthy of their tow'ring thoughts:
Let Heav'n and Anna then your tuneful art
Improve, and consecrate your deathless lays
To him who reigns above and her who rules below.

April 17, 1706. JOSEPH STANDEN.

To Dr. Watts on his divine poems.

Say, human seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense? Say, did not he,
The lovely Jesus, who commands thy breast,
Inspire thee with himself? With Jesus dwells,
Knit in mysterious hands, the Paraclete,
The breath of God, the everlasting source
Of love; and what is love in souls like thine
But air and incense to the poet's fire?
Should an expiring saint, whose swimming eyes

ature, unable longer to sustain,
'ould sink oppress'd with joy to endless rest.
Let none henceforth of Providence complain
s if the world of spirits lay unknown,
enc'd round with black impenetrable night:
/hat tho' no shining angel darts from thence
/ith leave to publish things conceal'd from s
ı language bright as theirs we are here told,
/hen life its narrow round of years hath roll
/hat 'tis employs the bless'd, what make the
ongs such as Watts's are, and love like his.
But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you us
'o transports so intensely rais'd your Muse,
.est whilst th' ecstatic impulse you obey
.he soul leap out and drop the duller clay.

the growing glories of thy fame,
er pow'rs to celebrate thy name.
ar themes thy pious Muse engage,
of lust pollute thy sacred page:
ajestic numbers mount the skies,
descending angels as you rise,
st applauses charm the crowded groves,
ion thy tuneful song approves.
ony and manly vigour join
he beauties of each sprightly line,
grace of ev'ry Muse is thine.
nmortal bard! divinely bright,
his fav'rite to the realms of light,
aphael's lyre charms the celestial throng,
cherubs list'ning to the song:
s to bliss the happy beings rove,
the sweets of music and of love:
the softer scenes of life you paint,
he beauteous virgin to the saint,
u describe how few the happy pairs
arts united soften all their cares,
whom the sweetest joys belong,
a's beauties consecrate your song.
unnumber'd graces I would tell,
ie pleasing theme for ever dwell,
fuse faints, unequal to the flight,
s thy strains with wonder and delight.

Great Howe and Gouge shall hail thee on th
And welcome thee to the bright realms of da
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heav'nly strings,
And join the lyric ode while some fair serapl

Sic spirat, sic optat

Tui amantissimus,

BRIT.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

SACRED TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

Worshipping with fear.

WHO dares attempt th' Eternal Name
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme
And spread despair around.

2. Destruction waits t' obey his frown,
And heav'n attends his smile;
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.

3. Celestial King! our spirits lie
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish and cast a longing eye
To reach thy lofty seat.

4. When shall we see the Great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendours of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

5. In thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glories shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

6. Angels are lost in sweet surprise
If thou unvail thy grace,

Watts.]

8. Thy works the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labours hard on all his strings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

9. Created pow'rs how weak they be!
How short our praises fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou th' Eternal All.

Asking leave to sing.

Yet, mighty God! indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
Whilst the young notes and vent'rous son
To worlds of glory soar.

2. If thou my daring flight forbid

4. She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath,
And calls th' angelic hosts to arms
To give the nations death.

5. But when she tastes her Saviour's love
And feels the rapture strong,
Scarce the divinest harp above
Aims at a sweeter song.

Divine judgments.

I.

Not from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comfort from the lower skies;
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head,
How vain their curses if th' Eternal King
Look thro' the clouds and bless me with his eyes?
Creatures with all their boasted sway
Are but his slaves and must obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance or the love.

II.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep;
The north wind blusters, and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep:

Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wi

III.

Fly to the polar world, my song,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretche
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheist, forbear; no more blaspheme;
God has a thousand terrors in his name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost and magazines of fla
Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath,
His sharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake t
Sublime on winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings.

IV.

The mischiefs that infest the earth
When the hot Dogstar fires the realms on high,
Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd divinity;
In vain our parching palates thirst,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
The sun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down with a mighty sweep
The riches of the fields and honours of the woods;
Storms that ravage o'er the deep
And bury millions in the waves,
Earthquakes that in midnight sleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves,
While you dispense your mortal harms
'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

ope!
is mine;
[are th
earth, and
youth
wl again.

embrace the visions die,
hen we grasp the airy forms
se the pleasing dream.

III.

with her scenes of gay delight
i landscape rudely drawn,
;laring colours and false light;
:e commends it to the sight
ils to gaze upon;
ing the nauseous daubing nigh
and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
'e the pleasure and offend the eye.

IV.

p, my soul! pant tow'rd th' eternal hills;
heav'ns are fairer than they seem;
pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills;
not a dreg of guilt defiles,
ief disturbs the stream:
'anaan knows no noxious thing,
sed soil no tainted spring,
ses grow on thorns nor honey wears a sting.

Felicity above.

is in vain to seek for bliss;
iss can ne'er be found
'e arrive where Jesus is
ead on heav'nly ground.

And all the heav'n I hope above
Is but to see his face.

4. Why move my years in slow delay i
O God of ages! why?
Let the spheres cleave and mark my way
To the superior sky.

5. Dear Sov'reign! break these vital s
That bind me to my clay;
Take me Uriel on thy wings,
And stretch and soar away.

God's dominion and decrees.

KEEP silence all created things
And wait your Maker's nod;
The Muse stands trembling while she si

3. Th' almighty voice bid ancient night
Her endless realms resign,
And lo! ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

4. Now wisdom with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

5. He spake; the sun obedient stood
And held the falling day,
Old Jordan backward drives his flood
And disappoints the sea.

6. Lord of the armies of the sky
He marshals all the stars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

7. Chain'd to his throne a volume lies
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and size
Drawn by th' Eternal pen.

8. His providence unfolds the book
And makes his counsels shine;
Each op'ning leaf and ev'ry stroke
Fulfils some deep design.

9. Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown,
Anon the following page he turns
And treads the *monarchs* down.

11. My God! I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

12. In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name;
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

Self-consecration.

1.

It grieves me, Lord, it grieves me sore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And wasted half my days;
My inward pow'r shall burn and flame
With zeal and passion for thy name;

III.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil sings
Sicilian swains or Trojan kings,
And drink the music in:
Why should the trumpet's brazen voice
Or oaten reed awake my joys,
And yet my heart so stupid lie when sacred hymns [begin?

IV.

Change me, O God! my flesh shall be
An instrument of song to thee,
And thou the notes inspire;
My tongue shall keep the heav'nly chime,
My cheerful pulse shall beat the time,
And sweet variety of sound shall in thy praise con- [spire.

V.

The dearest nerve about my heart,
Should it refuse to bear a part
With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital chord,
A bloody victim to my Lord,
And live without that impious string, or show my zeal in death.

The Creator and creatures.

God is a name my soul adores
Th' almighty Three, th' Eternal One;
Nature and grace with all their pow'rs
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

Bid the waves roar and planets shine,
But nothing like thyself appears
Thro' all these spacious works of thine.

4. Still restless Nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

5. A glance of thine runs thro' the globes,
Rules the bright world and moves their frame
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

6. Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

7. How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
[illegible] of thy face

The nativity of Christ.

" SHEPHERDS! rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And send your fears away,
" News from the region of the skies,
" Salvation's born to-day.
2. " Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you;
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.
3. " No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
" Nor royal shining things;
" A manger for his cradle stands,
" And holds the King of kings.
4. " Go, shepherds! where the infant lies,
" And see his humble throne;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, shepherds! kiss the Son."
5. Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heav'nly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:
6. " Glory to God that reigns above,
" Let peace surround the earth;
" Mortals shall know their Maker's love
" At their Redeemer's birth."

We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there 's a Saviour born.

God glorious, and sinners saved.

FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs
By thousand thro' the skies.

2. Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r
Their motives speak thy skill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.

3. Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thine hands.

5. Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe,
We love and we adore;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

6. Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

7. When sinners broke the Father's laws
The dying Son atones:
Oh the dear myst'ries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

8. Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Sweet cherubs learn Emanuel's name
And try their choicest strains.

9. O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

The humble inquiry.

A French sonnet imitated, 1695.

Grand Dieu tes jugemens, &c.

1.

GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above;
How few the sparks of wrath, how slow they move,
And drop and die in boundless seas of love!

Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy pow'r to vindicate thy throne

IV.

Thine honour bids "avenge thy injur'd nam
Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moist tears might but incense th

V.

Should heav'n grow black, almighty thunde
And vengeance blast me, I could plead no r
But own thy justice dying, and adore.

VI.

Yet can those bolts of death that cleave the
To reach a rebel pierce this sacred shroud,
Ting'd in the vital stream of my Redeemer'

2. Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I caress'd your vip'rous brood,
And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
You the vile murd'rers of my God.

3. Black heavy thoughts like mountains roll
O'er my poor breast with boding fears,
And crushing hard my tortur'd soul
Wring thro' my eyes the briny tears.

4. Forgive my treasons Prince of Grace,
The bloody Jews were traitors too;
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race,
"Father, they know not what they do."

5. Great Advocate! look down and see
A wretch whose smarting sorrows bleed;
O plead the same excuse for me!
For Lord I knew not what I did.

6. Peace, my complaints! let ev'ry groan
Be still, and silence wait his love;
Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
And thro' his inmost bowels move.

7. Lo! from the everlasting skies,
Gently as morning dews distil,
The Dove immortal downward flies
With peaceful olive in his bill.

8. How sweet the voice of pardon sounds!
Sweet the relief to deep distress!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my pow'rs adore the grace.

Composed Nov. 5. 1695.

INFINITE God! thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

2. From pole to pole thy name is known;
Thee a whole heav'n of angels praise;
Our lab'ring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

3. Part of thy church by thy command
Stands rais'd upon the British isles,
"There," said the Lord, "to ages stand
"Firm as the everlasting hills."

4. In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd,
Its billows swell'd against our shore,
[illegible] thy word,

6. Old Satan lent them fiery stores,
Infernal coal and sulph'rous flame,
And all that burns and all that roars,
Outrageous sires of dreadful name.

7. Beneath the senate and the throne
Engines of hellish thunder lay,
There the dark seeds of fire were sown
To spring a bright but dismal day.

8. Thy love, beheld the black design,
Thy love, that guards our island round;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And crush'd the tempest under ground.

PART SECOND.

Assume, my tongue, a nobler strain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord;
The foes revive their pow'rs again,
Again they die beneath his sword.

2. Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While Tyranny possess'd the throne,
And murd'rers of an Irish soul
Ran threat'ning death thro' ev'ry town.

3. The Roman priest and British prince
Join'd their best force and blackest charms,
And the fierce troops of neighb'ring France
Offer'd the service of their arms.

4. "'Tis done," they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud;
The courts of darkness rang with joy,
Th' old Serpent hiss'd, and Hell grew proud,
While Sion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

Both in our new [illegible]
The day that quench'd the burning snar
The year† that burnt th' invading fleet.
7. Now did thine arm, O God of hosts
Now did thine arm shine dazzling bright
The sons of might their hands had lost,
And men of blood forgot to fight.
8. Brigades of angels lin'd the way
And guarded William to his throne;
There ye celestial warriors stay
And make his palace like your own.
9. Then, mighty God! the earth shall
And learn the worship of the sky;
Angels and Britons join below
To raise their hallelujahs high.
10. All hallelujah, heav'nly King;

The Incomprehensible.

I.

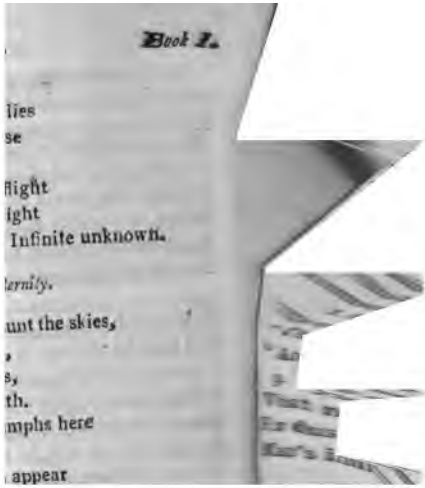
Far in the heav'ns my God retires,
My God, the mark of my desires,
And hides his lovely face:
When he descends within my view
He charms my reason to pursue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chase.

II.

Or if I reach unusual height
Till near his presence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought:
Plung'd in a sea of light I roll
Where Wisdom, Justice, Mercy, shines;
Infinite rays in crossing lines
Beat thick confusion on my sight and overwhelm my soul.

III.

Come to my aid ye fellow-minds,
And help me reach the throne;
(What single strength in vain designs
United force hath done:
Thus worms may join and grasp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the sea)
But the whole race of creature souls,
Stretch'd to their last extent of thought, plunge, and *are lost in thee.*


Book I.
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Infinite unknown.
ernity.
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mphs here
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6. Thus must we leave the ba
And try this doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans and dying s
To gain a moment's stay.

7. There we shall swim in hea
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcase thoughtle
Amongst the silent graves.

8. Some hearty friend shall drop
On our dry bones, and say,
"These once were strong as mine a
"And mine must be as they."

9. Thus shall our mould'ring mem
What now our senses learn;
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

A sight of heaven in sickness

OFT' have I sat in secret sighs
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes
To view the tott'ring clay.

2. But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profit too;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

ts w—
ooks thro' the —
And practises her wings.
4. Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above created skies.
5. Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.
6. But now the everlasting hills
Thro' ev'ry chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a pris'ner here.
7. The shines of heav'n rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws;
—fendless bliss are seen,
—laws. —tt'ring s

The universal hallelujah.

Psalm cxlviii paraphrased.

Praise ye the Lord with joyful tongue
Ye pow'rs that guard his throne;
Jesus the man shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

2. Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing, for he formed you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

3. Shine to his praise ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

4. Thou restless globe of golden light
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of Night
To own your borrow'd rays.

5. Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names;
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his oer'flowing flames.

6. Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud
He makes his wheels of you.

In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore;

9. While monsters sporting on the flood
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their maker God,
And lash the foaming brine.

10. But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.

11. Wave your tall heads ye lofty pines
To him that bid you grow,
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.

12. Let the shrill birds his honour raise
And climb the morning sky,
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise

14. Th' Eternal Name must fly abroad,
From Britain to Japan,
And the whole race shall bow to God
That owns the name of man.

The Atheist's mistake.

LAUGH, ye profane, and swell, and burst,
With bold impiety,
Yet shall ye live for ever curs'd,
And seek in vain to die.

2. The gasp of your expiring breath
Consigns your souls to chains,
By the last agonies of death
Sent down to fiercer pains.

3. Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
And all beneath is hell;
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep
Where the old Serpent fell.

4. When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigour spring afresh
And tortures wake the mind!

5. Then you'll confess the frightful names
Of plagues you scorn'd before
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

And angel guards prepar'd to fly
Attend their fainting beds.

8. Their longing spirits part and rise
To their celestial seat;
Above these ruinable skies
They make their last retreat.

9. Hence ye Profane! I hate your way
I walk with pious souls;
There's a wide diff'rence in our race,
And distant are our goals.

The law given at Sinai.

1.

ARM thee with thunder, heav'nly Muse
And keep th' expecting world in awe

Inhuman bondage! the hard galling load
Overpress'd their feeble souls,
Bent their knees to senseless bulls,
And broke their ties to God.

II.

Now had they pass'd th' Arabian Bay,
And march'd between the cleaving sea,
The rising waves stood guardians of their wondrous way,
But fell with most impetuous force
On the pursuing swarms,
And bury'd Egypt all in arms,
Blending in wat'ry death the rider and the horse:
O'er struggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
And sav'd the labours of a pyramid:
Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
And all his horned gods beside,
He swallows fate with swimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

III.

Ah, foolish Israel! to comply
With Memphian idolatry,
And bow to brutes, (a stupid slave)
To idols impotent to save!
Behold thy God, the Sov'reign of the sky,
Has wrought salvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
And rais'd thine honours high!
His grace forgives thy follies past;

The circling limits draw.

IV.

Hark! the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear;
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear:
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same
Which shall be blown by high command
Shall bid the wheels of Nature stand,
And heav'n's eternal will proclaim,
That "Time shall be no more."

V.

Thus, while the lab'ring angel swell'd the sour
And rent the skies and shook the ground,
[illegible] round his sapphire seat

ighty pillars bow'd their head
reator bid,
Jehovah rode from the superior sphere,
d guards before and myriads in the rear.

VI.

t was a pitchy cloud,
s beset with burning gems,
in harness with the flames
th' ethereal road:
' his magazines he past
l ice, and fleecy snow,
d the triumph, and as fast
nd ice in melted rivers flow,
as mingled with the night,
l solid darkness trod,
t eyes proclaim'd the God,
r'd dreadful light;
d, and sulphur ran a fiery stream;
and (tho' with unknown speed he came)
low tempest and the lagging flame.

VII.

v'd his glorious flight;
red and glowing wheel
ing'd chariot light,
smoke obscur'd the burning hill.
nts in curling waves,
oomy pride outbraves

And proudly shoot a leaf or two
Above its kind supporter's utmost bough,
And glory there to stand the loftiest of the wood.

VIII.

Forbear, young Muse, forbear;
The flow'ry things that poets say,
The little arts of simile,
Are vain and useless here;
Nor shall the burning hills of old
With Sinai be compar'd,
Nor all that lying Greece has told
Or learned Rome has heard:
Ætna shall be nam'd no more,
Ætna, the torch of Sicily;
Not half so high
Her lightnings fly,

d with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load
groan'd the mount; it never bore
ty before;
r'd and shook beneath the burden of a God.

IX.

h horrors seize the camp, despair
dying groans torment the air,
l shrieks, and swoons, and deaths, were there;
e bellowing thunder and the lightning's blaze
:ead thro' the host a wild amaze,
rkness on ev'ry soul, and pale was ev'ry face:
nfus'd and dismal were the cries
Let Moses speak or Isra'l dies:"
loses the spreading terror feels,
lo more the man of God conceals
lis shiv'ring and surprise;
Yet with recov'ring mind commands
Silence and deep attention thro' the Hebrew bands.

X.

Hark! from the centre of the flame,
All arm'd and feather'd with the same,
Majestic sounds break thro' the smoky cloud:
Sent from the all-creating tongue
A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

XI.

"I am the Lord; 'tis I proclaim
"That glorious and that fearful name,

" Thy God and King; 'twas I that broke
" Thy bondage and th' Egyptian yoke;
" Mine is the right to speak my will,
" And thine the duty to fulfil.
" Adore no god beside me to provoke mine e
" Nor worship me in shapes and forms that
vise;
" With rev'rence use my name, nor turn m
" Observe my Sabbath well, nor dare profane
" Honour and due obedience to thy parents g
" Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guil
" Preserve thy body chaste, and fly th' unlaw
" Nor steal thy neighbour's gold, his garmen
bread;
" Forbear to blast his name with falsehood o
" Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large est

3. Be wise, and make his favour sure
Before the mournful days
When youth and mirth are known no more
And life and strength decays.

4. No more the blessings of a feast
Shall relish on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taste
And pleasure of a song.

5. Old Age with all her dismal train
Invades your golden years,
With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never spares.

6. What will you do when light departs
And leaves your with'ring eyes
Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
From the superior skies?

7. How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his seat,
While Nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear their tott'ring weight?

8. Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence,
When death with terrible alarms
Summons the pris'ner hence?

9. The silver bands of Nature burst
And let the building fall,
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unweary'd swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years;

2. Praise the Creator of the skies
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays,
Or may the sun forget to rise
If he forget his Maker's praise.

3. Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of Silence, Silver Moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light
[illegible] of the noon;

'roclaim the glories of your Lord
ers'd thro' all the heav'nly street,
ıse boundless treasures can afford
ich a pavement for his feet.
Thou heav'n of heav'ns; supremely bright,
r palace of the court divine,
nere with inimitable light
e Godhead condescends to shine;
3. Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,
'ho scatters lovely beams of grace
n ev'ry angel ev'ry saint,
lor vails the lustre of his face.
9. O God of Glory, God of love,
Thou art the sun that makes our days:
With all thy shining works above
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

The welcome messenger.

LORD! when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath
With longing eyes and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;
2. How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.
3. Our souls are rising on the wing
To venture in his place,

'is guilt gives death its fierce [illegible]
.nd all the arms it bears.

5. Oh! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on
And chide his lazy wing.

6. Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

7. I 'd leap at once my seventy years,
I 'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath and all my cares
Amidst those heav'nly charms.

8. Joyful I 'd lay this body down,
[illegible] the lifeless clay
[illegible]

2. Nature in ev'ry dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.
3. In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And free from pride their beauties spread
To shew thy skilful hand.
4. The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.
5. My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King
And pay the worship due:
6. But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride! that creeps securely in
And swells a haughty worm.
7. Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.
8. The very songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.
11. Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

True learning.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of M

I.

HAPPY the feet that shining Truth h
With her own hand to tread the path
To see her native lustre spread
Without a veil without a shade,
All beauty and all light, as in herself

hat empty triflings and what subtile ways
fence and guard by rule and note!
r God will never charge us that we knew them not.

IV.

uch, heav'nly Word, O touch these curious souls;
ice I have heard but one soft hint from thee,
)m all the vain opinions of the schools
hat pageantry of knowing fools)
:el my pow'rs releas'd, and stand divinely free.

V.

was this almighty Word that all things made;
grasps whole nature in his single hand;
l the eternal truths in him are laid,
e ground of all things and their head,
ie circle where they move and centre where they stand.

VI.

ithout his aid I have no sure defence
om troops of errors that besiege me round:
t he that rests his reason and his sense
st here, and never wanders hence,
moveable he dwells upon unshaken ground.

VII.

finite Truth, the life of my desires,
me from the sky and join thyself to me;
n tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires,
it never tir'd of telling thee
is thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

Creatures be dumb at his co[illegible]
And leave his single voice to whisper to my hear

IX.

Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
Away from sense and ev'ry outward show;
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and spread above, surveying all bel

X.

The Lord grows lavish of his heav'nly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as this
Fled from the eyes she gains a piercing sight;
She dives into the Infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown a

True wisdom.

II.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And seek in vain a passage to his breast,
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
He smiles, and sees them vainly try
To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

III.

Our headstrong lusts, like a young fiery horse,
Start and fly raging in a violent course;
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides 'em,
Checks their career, and turns and guides 'em,
And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

IV.

Lord of himself he rules his wildest thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
Whilst he looks down and pities human faults;
Nor can he think nor can he find
A plague like reigning passions and a subject mind.

V.

But oh! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height;
To vanish self is a laborious art;
What manly courage to sustain the fight,
To bear the noble pain, and part [heart!
With those dear charming tempters rooted in the

VI.

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds,
To rend and tear out this unhappy love

Melt off my lusts, my fetters: I can bear
A while to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of

VIII.

Heav'n is my home, and I must use my wir
Sublime above the globe my flight aspires:
I have a soul was made to pity kings
And all their little glitt'ring things;
I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

IX.

Loos'd from the earth my heart is upward fl
Farewell my friends, and all that once was
Now should you fix my feet on Cæsar's thr
Crown me and call the world my own,
The gold that binds my brows could ne'

X.

with his love I feel that God is mine;
ory is my great design;
:verlasting project all my thoughts employs.

A song to creating Wisdom.

PART FIRST.

NAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
he creation sings;
thy loud name rocks, hills, and seas,
eav'n's high palace rings.
lace me on the bright wings of day
vel with the sun,
what amaze shall I survey
onders thou hast done?
hy hand how wide it spread the sky!
glorious to behold!
! with a blue of heav'nly dye,
arr'd with sparkling go'd!
here thou hast bid the globes of light
endless circles run,
the pale planet rules the night,
ay obeys the sun.

PART SECOND.

ownward I turn my wond'ring eyes
uds and storms below,
under regions of the skies
um'rous glories show.

While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine host.

8. On the thin air without a prop
Hang fruitful show'rs around,
At thy command they sink and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

PART THIRD.

9. Now to the earth I bend my song
And cast my eyes abroad,
Glancing the British isles along;
Bless'd isles! confess your God.

10. How did his wondrous skill array
Your fields in charming green,
A thousand herbs his art display
A thousand flow'rs between!

11. Tall oaks for future navies grow.

PART FOURTH.

13. We see the Thames caress the shores,
He guides her silver flood,
While angry Severn swells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler God.

14. The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe his strong command;
His breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

15. Amidst thy wat'ry kingdoms Lord
The finny nations play,
And scaly monsters at thy word
Rush thro' the Northern sea.

PART FIFTH.

16. Thy glories blaze all nature round
And strike the gazing sight
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

17. Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine thro' the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

18. But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

Lord! when my thoughts
Fire, air, and earth, and stars, and seas,
I call them all thy slaves,
Commission'd by my Father's will
Poisons shall cure or balms shall kill;
Vernal suns or zephyrs breath
May burn or blast the plants to death
That sharp December saves.
What can winds or planets boast
But a precarious pow'r?
The sun is all in darkness lost,
Frost shall be fire and fire be frost
When he appoints the hour.

II.

Lo the Norwegians near the polar sky
Chafe their frozen limbs with snow,
[illegible] and glow

III.

e, my soul, of ancient fame,
ack two thousand years, and see
syrian prince transform'd a brute
sting to be absolute:
o his court the God of Israel came
more absolute than he.
e furnace blaze with rage
ld; I see amidst the flame
Hebrews of immortal name;
love, they walk across the burning stage,
and fearless, while the tyrant stood
ie; fear congeal'd his blood;
the raging element dare
t their garments or their hair;
the Lord of Nature there.
compell'd by a superior cause
eaks her own eternal laws,
ems to break them, and obeys
'reign King in diff'rent ways.
how bright thy glories shine!
oad thy kingdom, how divine!
and Miracle, and Fate, and Chance, are thine.

IV.

rom my heart ye idols fly,
ding names of vanity!
e my lips shall sacrifice
nce and Nature tales and lies:
s *without* a God can yield me no supplies.

Earth is my mother or my s.—

Condescending grace,

In Imitation of the cxivth Psalm.

When the Eternal bows the skies
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From tow'rs of haughty kings;

2. Rides on a cloud disdainful by
A Sultan or a Czar,
Laughs at the worms that rise so high
Or frowns 'em from afar:

3. He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies
To visit ev'ry humble soul
With pleasure in his eyes.

The Lord that reigns above

6. Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign and all free;
Great God! how searchless are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

The Infinite.

Some seraph lend your heav'nly tongue
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our Eternal King.

2. Thy names how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

3. Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from their eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

4. Thine essence is a vast abyss
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

5. The myst'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky
And fly before the winds.

And overloads our ...

7. In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables
And vast eternity.

Confession and pardon.

Alas, my aking heart!
Here the keen torment lies;
It racks my waking hours with smart
And frights my slumb'ring eyes.

2. Guilt will be hid no more;
My griefs take vent apace;
The crimes that blot my conscience o'er
... in my face.

5. How often have I stood,
A rebel to the skies,
The calls the tenders of a God,
And Mercy's loudest cries!

6. He offers all his grace
And all his heav'n to me;
Offers! but 'tis to senseless brass
That cannot feel nor see.

7. Jesus the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands
And shows the prints of love.

8. But I a stupid fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul
And paid for all in blood?

9. The heav'nly Dove came down
And tender'd me his wings,
To mount me upward to a crown
And bright immortal things.

10. Lord! I'm asham'd to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And sent thy Spirit griev'd away
To his own realms of Love.

11. Not all thine heav'nly charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms
And bow to thy command.

Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

14. Now for one pow'rful glance
Dear Saviour from thy face!
This rebel-heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.

15. O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

16. "Rise," says the Prince of mercy
With joy and pity in his eyes;
"Rise, and behold my wounded veins,
"Here flows the blood to wash thy stain

17. "See, my great Father reconcil'd

ng men and maidens, old men and babes, praise ye the Lord, Psal. cxlviii. 12.

I.

is of Adam, bold and young,
he wild mazes of whose veins
ood of fiery vigour reigns, [strung,
l wields your active limbs with hardy sinews
l prostrate at th' Eternal throne,
ence your precarious pow'rs depend,
swell as if your lives were all your own,
: chuse your Maker for your friend:
favour is your life, his arm is your support,
; hand can stretch your days or cut your minutes
[short.

II.

gins, who roll your artful eyes
d shoot delicious danger thence,
ift the lovely lightning flies
d melts our reason down to sense:
ast not of those with'ring charms
at must yield their youthful grace
age and wrinkles, earth and worms,
t love the Author of your smiling face; [hours:
at heav'nly Bridegroom claims your blooming
make it your perpetual care
please that everlasting Fair;
s beauties are the sun, and but the shade is yours.

(A tedious train) and date your sons
Break your first silence in his praise
Who wrought your wondrous frame;
With sounds of tend'rest accent raise
Young honours to his name,
And consecrate your early days
To know the Pow'r Supreme.

IV.

Ye heads of venerable age,
Just marching off the mortal stage,
Fathers whose vital threads are spun
As long as e'er the glass of life would
Adore the hand that led your way
Thro' flow'ry fields a fair long summe
Gasp out your soul in praises to the S
That set your west so distant from you

Lovely minstrels of the field,
Who in leafy shadows sit,
And your wondrous structures build,
Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light;
To Nature's God your first devotions pay
Ere you salute the rising day;
'Tis he calls up the sun and gives him ev'ry ray.

II.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
And wear upon your shining back
Numerous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thousand mingling colours make,
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire;
In harmless play twist and unfold
The volumes of your scaly gold;
That rich embroid'ry of your gay attire
Proclaims your Maker kind and wise.

III.

Insects and mites of mean degree
That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by Wisdom's artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various dye,
In your innumerable forms
Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown,
And bends his lofty counsels down
To despicable worms.

All nature rose to obey my voice,
And moves at thy command.

2. With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way,
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3. But ah! how wide my spirit flies
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets her heav'nly prize
And treads the downward road.

4. The raging fire and stormy sea
Perform thine awful will,
And ev'ry beast and ev'ry tree
Thy great designs fulfil:

5. While my wild passions rage with
Nor thy commands obey,

7. Great God! create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my wills, and let it flow
And take the mould divine.

8. Seize my whole frame into thy hand,
Here all my pow'rs I bring,
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern ev'ry spring.

9. Then shall my feet no more depart
Nor wand'ring senses rove,
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

10. Then not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter thro' the sky
Nor with a zeal so warm.

God supreme and self-sufficient.

WHAT is our God or what his name,
Nor men can learn nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2. The spacious worlds of heav'nly light
Compar'd with him how short thy fall?
They are too dark and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5. The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meas'ring their changes by the moon;
No ebb his sea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal noon.

6. Then fly, my song! an endless roun
The lofty tune let Michael raise;
All Nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

Jesus the only Saviour.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and Justice doom'd us dea

3. "Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
"The weighty vengeance of a God?
"Which of you loves our wretched race,
"Or dares to venture in our place?"

4. In vain we ask, for all around
Stands silence thro' the heav'nly ground;
There 's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength or half the love.

5. But O unutterable grace!
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms and dies.

6. Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose; the law could ask no more.

7. Amazing work! look down ye skies!
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heav'nly thrones! stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

8. See how they bend! see how they look!
Long they had read th' eternal book,
And study'd dark decrees in vain;
The cross and Calv'ry makes them plain.

9. Now they are struck with deep amaze;
Each with his wings conceals his face;
Now clap their sounding plumes and cry,
"The wisdom of a Deity!"

How deep he sunk &c.

11. Triumph and reign victorious —
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd,
And say, dear Conqu'ror! say, how long
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

12. Lo! from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well-distinguish'd ray!
But my wing'd passion hardly bears
These lengths of slow delaying years.

13. Send down a chariot from above
With fiery wheels and pav'd with love;
Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue
To sing and love as angels do.

Looking upward.

Invite mine eye,

f.
Beyond those crystal vaults
all their sparkling balls,
y're but the porches to thy courts
l paintings on thy walls.
. Vain world! farewell to you,
av'n is my native air;
id my friends a short adieu,
ipatient to be there.
5. I feel my pow'rs releas'd
rom their old fleshy clod;
'air guardian, bear me up in haste,
And set me near my God.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

He dies! the heav'nly Lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings: deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground!
2. Come saints! and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
3. Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo, what sudde joys I see!
Jesus the dead revives again.

And shout him we[illegible]

5. Break off your tears ye saints. [illegible]
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

6. Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
"Born to redeem and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster "Where's his sting?
"And where's thy vict'ry boasting Grave?"

The God of thunder.

O THE immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod!
[illegible] and lo, all Nature shake

4. Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thund'rer's praise,
And send our loud hosannas thro'.

5. Celestial King! thy blazing pow'r
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

6. Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play;
Ye Lightnings! fly to make him room,
Ye glorious Storms! prepare his way.

The day of judgment, an ode, attempted in English Sapphic.

When the fierce North wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down,

2. How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars aloud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.

3. Such shall the noise be and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly)
Such the dire terror, when the great archangel
Shakes the creation,

Stare thro' their eyelids, while the i
Gnawing within them.

6. Thoughts like old vultures p
heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when the ey
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of
Rolling afore him.

7. Hopeless immortals! how they s
While devils push them to the pit wi
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them
Down to the centre. . . .

8. Stop here, my Fancy: (all awa
Doleful ideas) come arise to Jesus;
How he sits Godlike! and the saints
Thron'd, yet adoring!

9. O may I sit there when he come

The song of angels above.

Earth has detain'd me pris'ner long,
And I'm grown weary now;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

2. Tir'd in my thoughts I stretch me down
And upward glance mine eyes,
Upward (my Father) to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

3. There the dear Man my Saviour sits,
The God how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

4. Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

5. Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs,
Jesus, my love they sing;
Jesus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

6. Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak in most majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son!

And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

9. O sacred beauties of the man!
(The God resides within)
His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

10. Then how he look'd and how he smil'd
What wondrous things he said!
Sweet Cherubs stay, dwell here a while,
And tell what Jesus did.

11. At his command the blind awake
And feel the gladsome rays;
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

12. He shed a thousand blessings round

the full choir a broken string
with a strange surprise,
in silence mourn their King
eds, and loves, and dies.
aph and saint with drooping wings
ir harmonious breath;
ning trees nor bubbling springs
sus sleeps in death.
n all at once to living strains
nmon ev'ry chord,
the tomb and burst his chains,
v their rising Lord.
ound the flaming army throngs
l him to the skies
id hosannas on their tongues
mph in their eyes.
awful state the conqu'ring God
his shining throne,
meful angels sound abroad
'ries he has won.
w let me rise and join their song,
n angel too;
t, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
yful work for you.
ould begin the music here.
ny soul should rise:
me heav'nly notes to bear
t to the skies!

So I might see his face.

22. I am confin'd to earth no more
But mount in haste above
To bless the God that I adore
And sing the Man I love.

Fire, air, earth, and sea, praise ye the Lord.

1.

EARTH, thou great footstool of our God
Who reigns on high, thou fruitful source
Of all our raiment, life, and food,
Our house, our parent, and our nurse,
Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
Dress'd with strong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around;
(And flow'ry carpets spread the ground)
Thy prodigious mass,

'nly Flames that singe the air,
/ of a jealous God,
ırrows that his sounding quivers bear
ter deaths abroad;
ings, adore the sov'reign arm that flings
ngeance and your fires upon the heads of kings.

III.

vital element the Air,
ıe boundless magazines of breath
ainting flame of life repair,
save the bubble Man from the cold arms of Death:
ye whose vital moisture yields
's purple stream a fresh supply,
:et Waters, wand'ring thro' the flow'ry fields,
dropping from the sky,
nfess the Pow'r whose all-sufficient name
ır needs your aid to build nor to support our frame.

IV.

ıw the rude air with noisy force
ats up and swells the angry sea,
ıey join to make our lives a prey,
ıd sweep the sailors' hopes away,
ıin hopes, to reach their kindred on the shores!
', the wild seas and surging waves
ıpe hideous in a thousand graves:
still ye Floods, and know your bounds of sand;
: Storms, adore your Master's hand;
ıe winds are in his fist, the waves at his comman

His fruitful ...
Drew the whole harmony ...
That form this noble universe:
Old Nothing knew his pow'rful hand;
Scarce had he spoke his full command,
Fire, air, and earth, and sea, heard the creati
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beaut
And still they dance and still obey
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-

The farewell.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so
Be dark my eyes and deaf my ears.
2. Here I renounce my carnal taste
... fruit that sinners prize;
... waste

Come Heav'n and fill my vast desires;
Soul pursues the sov'reign good;
Was all made of heav'nly fires,
Can she live on meaner food.

God only known to himself.

AND and adore! how glorious he
Hat dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze and we confound our sight,
Plung'd in th' abyss of dazzling light.

2. Thou sacred One, almighty Three,
Great everlasting Mystery,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name!

3. Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin and speak the Great Unknown;
Attempt the song, wind up your strings
To notes untry'd and boundless things.

4. You whose capacious pow'rs survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay,
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or known, or thought, by you?

5. How flat your highest praises fall
Below the immense original!
Weak creatures we that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain!

My crimes awake, and hideous fea
Distracts my restless mind,
Guilt meet my eyes with horrid gla
And hell pursues behind.

2. Almighty Vengeance frowns o
And flames array the throne,
While thunder murmurs round the
Impatient to be gone.

3. Where shall I hide this noxio
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
Of midnight and the grave?

4. Is there no shelter from the ey
Of a revenging God?

6. I bless that wondrous purple stream
That whitens ev'ry stain,
Yet is my soul too hard to dream
Of Sin the tyrant reign.

7. Lord! blast this empire with thy breath;
That cursed throne must fall:
Ye flatt'ring plagues that work my death
Fly, for I hate you all.

Sovereignty and grace.

THE Lord! how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature with all her moving frame
Rests on his mighty hand.

2. Immortal glory forms his throne
And light his awful robe,
Whilst with a smile or with a frown
He manages the globe.

3. A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas,
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he pleases.

4. Adoring angels round him fall
In all their shining forms,
His sov'reign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

And takes his time —

6. Now let the Lord for ever reign —
And sway us as he will,
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
We are his fav'rites still.

7. No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain,
'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

The law and gospel.

"CURS'D be the man, for ever curs'd,
"That doth one wilful sin commit;
"Death and damnation for the first,
"Without relief and infinite."

Sinai roars, and round the eart

ark how he prays, (the charming sound
on his dying lips) Forgive!
v'ry groan and gasping wound,
" Father let the rebels live."
So, you that rest upon the law,
toil and seek salvation there;
to the flames that Moses saw,
shrink, and tremble, and despair.
But I'll retire beneath the cross;
iour! at thy dear feet I lie,
d the keen sword that Justice draws,
aming and red, shall pass me by.

Seeking a divine calm in a restless world.

[O mens, quae stabili fata regis vice, &c. Casimire, B. iii. Od. 28.]

I.

ETERNAL Mind! who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms and rising states
With one unchang'd decree,
While we admire thy vast affairs
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a smile to thee?

II.

Thou scatter'st honours, crowns and gold;
We fly to seize and fight to hold
The bubbles and the ore;
So emmets struggle for a grain,
So boys their petty wars maintain
For shells upon the shore.

And warriors ...
This rolling world will never ...
Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
As pow'r decays or grows.

IV.

Earth 's but an atom: greedy swords
Carve it amongst a thousand lords,
And yet they cann't agree:
Let greedy swords still fight and slay,
I can be poor; but, Lord, I pray
To sit and smile with thee.

Happy frailty.

" How meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
" How vile these bodies are!
" Why was a clod of earth design'd
... a heav'nly star!

4. "Alas! how frail our state!" said I,
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

5. My soul all felt the glory come
And breath'd her native air,
Then she remember'd heav'n her home
And she a pris'ner here.

6. Straight she began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasureable strains.

7. "How weak the prison 's where I dwell!
"Flesh but a tott'ring wall;
"The breaches cheerfully foretel
"The house must shortly fall.

8. "No more, my friends, shall I complain
"Tho' all my heart-strings ake;
"Welcome disease and ev'ry pain
"That makes the cottage shake.

9. "Now let the tempest blow all round,
"Now swell the surges high,
"And beat the house of bondage down
"To let the stranger fly.

10. "I have a mansion built above
"By the Eternal Hand,
"And should the earth's old basis move
"My heav'nly house must stand.

Devotion breaks the prison-walls
And speeds my last remove.

Launching into eternity.

It was a brave attempt! advent'rous he
Who in the first ship broke the unknow
And leaving his dear native shores behi
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine, the tempest rav
He on a pine plank rides across the wa
Exulting on the edge of thousand gapi
He steers the winged boat and shifts th
Conquers the flood and manages the g
Such is the soul that leaves this mor
Fearless when the great Master gives
Death is the storm; she smiles to hear

As the shores lessen so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler and the tempest dies:
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm the skies for ever bright.

A prospect of the resurrection.

How long shall Death the tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2. When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3 Let Faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot-wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

4. Lo, I behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

5. I see the Lord of glory come
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

Salute th' expected [illegible]

7. They leave the dust, and on the [illegible]
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

8. O may my humble spirit stand
Amongst them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

9. How will our joy and wonder rise
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies
On love's triumphant wing!

Ad Dominum nostrum et Servatorem Jesum Christ

[illegible] corporis incola,

3. Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum patris in sinû
Toto fruebatur Jehovah
Gaudia mille bibens Jesus;
4. Donec superno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,
Unâque meregendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miseros nepotes:
5. Vidit minaces vindicis angeli
Ignes et ensem, telaque sanguine
Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere Erebæa monstra.
6. Commota sacras viscera protinus
Sensêre flammas, Omnipotens furor
Ebullit, immensique amoris
Æthereum calet igne pectus.
7. " Non tota prorsus gens hominum dabit
" Hosti triumphos: quid patris et labor
" Dulcisque imago? num peribunt
" Runditus? O prius astra cæcis,
8. " Mergantor undis, et redeat chaos;
" Aut ipse disperdam Satanæ dolos,
" Aut ipse disperdar, et isti
" Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.
9. " Testor paternum numen, et hoc caput
" Æquale testor," dixit; et ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Desilitque ruens Olympo.

Nimisque ...
Corda dedit fodienda ferro.
11. Vitamque morti; proh dolor! O s...
Tonantis iræ! O lex satis aspers!
Mercesque peccati severa
Adamici, vetitique fructus.
12. Non pœna lenis quò ruis impotens!
Quò Musa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Bustique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?
13. Sepone questus, læta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Psalle sonoriùs
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.
14. Sensêre numen regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirùm fremebat rex Gehennæ,
...undus orcum.

fatmane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
ruinam mandat: ab infimis
æque designata genti
tara disjiciuntur antris.
8. Hæc strata passim vinbula, ut hæc jacent
ci cruenti, termina mentium
ptus; ploratuque vasto
ilcula mors sibi adempta plangit.
19. En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
itis profundo, curribus aureis
astricta raptam inobstra nostris
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.
20. Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum?
En qualis ardet, dum beatæ
Limina scandit ovans Olympi!
21. Io triumphe plectra seraphica,
Io triumphe grex hominum sonet,
Dum læta quaqua versus ambos
Astra repercutiunt triumphos.

Sui-ipsius increpatio. Epigramma.

Corpore cur hæres, Vitalis? cur fucola terræ?
Quid cupis indignum, mens habitare lutum?
Te caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat artus
Languor, et hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.
Cura, timor, ira, dolor, mentem male distrahit; aucèps
Undique adest Satanas retia sæva struens.

Te superum [illegible]
" Huc ades et nostro tempora conde sinu.
Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Sata
Inde, nec alliciunt angelus, astra, Deus.

Excitatio cordis cælum versus, 1694.

Heu quod sêcla teris carcere corporis,
Wattsi? quid refugis limen et exitum?
Nec mens Æthereum culmen, et atria
Magni patris anhelitat?
Corpus vile creat mille molestias,
Circum corda volant et dolor, et metus,
Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
Cæcas insidias struit.
Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de solo
Surgunt: Christus abest, deliciæ, tuæ,
[illegible] abest. inter et angelos

Breathing toward the heavenly country.

Casimire, Book I. Ode 19. imitated.

Urit me patriae decor, &c.

rz beauty of my native land
ıortal love inspires;
n, I burn with strong desires,
sigh, and wait the high command.
: glides the moon her shining way,
hoots my heart thro' with a silver ray:
'd my heart aspires;
sand lamps of golden light
ligh in vaulted azure charm my sight,
nk and beckon with their amorous fires.
' glories of my heav'nly home,
'ntinels who guard my Father's court,
ll the happy minds resort,
ll my Father's chariot come?
)r ever walk th' ethereal round,
'e the mourner lie
the sky,
of the ground?
ıe shining servants from on high,
ıasty tomb;
' will raise my head,
ing lillies dress my bed,
'eap perfume.

Then mount and lead the path ...,
Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pinions

Casimiri Epigramma 100.

In sanctum Ardalionem, qui ex mimo Christianus factus, mar-tyrium passus est.

ARDALIO sacros deridet carmine ritus,
Festaque non æquâ voce theatra quatit,
Audiit Omnipotence; "Non est opus," inquit
"Fulmine; tam facilem, gratia, vince virum.
Deserit illa polos, et deserit iste theatrum,
Et tereti sacrum volvit in ense caput.
"Sic, sic," inquit, "abit nostræ comœdia vi
"Terra vale, cœlum plaude, tyranne feri."

ENGLISHED.

... became a

II.

Heav'n heard, and straight around the smoking throne
The kindling lightning in thick flashes shone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.

III.

Mercy stood near, and with a smiling brow
Calm'd the loud thunder; "There 's no need of you;
"Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue."

IV.

Grace leaves the skies and he the stage forsakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
And as he bows this gentle farewell speaks;

V.

"So goes the comedy of life away;
"Vain earth adieu! Heav'n will applaud to-day:
"Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play."

When the Protestant church at Montpelier was demolished by the French king's order, the Protestants laid the stones up in their burying-place, whereon a Jesuit made a Latin epigram,

ENGLISHED THUS.

A Hug'not church once at Montpelier built
Stood and proclaim'd their madness and their guilt;
Too long it stood beneath Heav'n's angry frown,
Worthy when rising to be thunder'd down.
Lewis at last, th' avenger of the skies,
Commands, and level with the ground it lies:

The answer, by a French Protestant,

ENGLISHED THUS.

CHRISTIAN church once at Montpelier stood,
d nobly spoke the builder's zeal for God:
tood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
t not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon:
t Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
ars down the walls a victim to his rage.
ung faithful hands pile up the sacred stones
ear monument!) o'er their dead fathers' bones;
ie stones shall move when the dead fathers rise,
art up before the pale destroyer's eyes,
id testify his madness to th' avenging skies.

Two happy rivals, Devotion and the Muse.

Anon she rides upon the storm
Loud as the noisy thunder, as a deluge strong.
Are my thoughts and wishes free,
And know no number nor degree?
Such is the Muse: lo she disdains
The links and chains
Measures and rules of vulgar strains, [reigns.
And o'er the laws of Harmony a sov'reign queen she

II.

If she roves
By streams or groves,
Tuning her pleasures or her pains,
My passion keeps her still in sight,
My passion holds an equal flight
Thro' Love's or Nature's wide campaigns.
If with bold attempt she sings
Of the biggest mortal things,
Tott'ring thrones and nations slain,
Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
While thunders roar
From shore to shore
My soul sits fast upon her wings, [plain:
And sweeps the crimson surge or scours the purple
Still I attend her as she flies
Round the broad globe and all beneath the skies.

III.

But when from the meridian star
Long streaks of glory shine,

gg'd with clay and unrefin'd
gths of distance far behind:
tue lags with heavy wheel;
th has wings but cannot rise,
not rise---swift and high
he wing'd numbers fly,
l faint devotion panting lies
f way th' ethereal hill.

IV.

vhy is piety so weak
d yet the Muse so strong?
hen shall these hateful fetters break
at have confin'd me long?
vard a glowing heat I feel,
spark of heav'nly day,
t earthly vapours damp my zeal,

Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the song and guides the way;
There love and zeal divine and bright
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And scarce the boldest Muse can follow or obey.

V.

I 'm in a dream, and Fancy reigns,
She spreads her gay delusive scenes;
Or is the vision true?
Behold Religion on her throne
In awful state descending down,
And her dominions vast and bright within my spacious view.
She smiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckons me away;
I feel mine airy pow'rs loose from the cumbrous clay,
And with a joyful haste obey
Religion's high command.
What lengths, and heights, and deeps, unknown!
Broad fields with blooming glory sown,
And seas, and skies, and stars, her own,
In an unmeasur'd sphere!
What heav'ns of joy and light serene,
Which nor the rolling sun has seen,
Where nor the roving Muse has been,
That greater traveller!

VI.

A long farewell to all below,
Farewell to all that sense can show,

thousand loose Pindaric plumes my ...
nongst the clouds I lose my breath, [the wi
ıe rapture grows too strong,
ıe feeble pow'rs that Nature gave
aint and drop downward to the grave;
eceive their fall, thou treasurer of Death:
will no more demand my tongue
'ill the gross organ well refin'd
'an trace the boundless flights of an unfetter'd m
\nd raise an equal song.

The following poems of this book are peculiarly dedicated to
love. *

The hazard of loving the creatures.

WHERE'ER my flatt'ring passions rove
... enare:

2. Souls whom the tie of friendship binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the less for God.

3. Nature has soft but pow'rful bands,
And reason she controls,
While children with their little hands
Hang closest to our souls.

4. Thoughtless they act th' old Serpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord! how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!

5. Our hasty wills rush blindly on
Where rising passion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters strong
To bind our slavish souls.

6. Dear Sov'reign! break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free;
God in himself is bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

Desiring to love Christ.

Come, let me love; or is thy mind
Harden'd to stone or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair One bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!

was a traitor doom'd [illegible]
l to sustain eternal pains;
w on wings of strong desire,
n'd my guilt and took my chains.
nfinite grace! almighty charms!
l in amaze ye whirling skies,
s the God with naked arms
gs on a cross of love and dies.
Did pity ever stoop so low
ss'd in divinity and blood?
s ever rebel courted so
groans of an expiring God?
. Again he lives and spreads his hands,
nds that were nail'd to tort'ring smart;
By these dear wounds," says he, and stands
d prays to clasp me to his heart.
. Sure I must love; or are my ears
ill deaf, nor will my passion move?
[illegible] melt this heart to tears,

The heart given away.

If there are passions in my soul
(And passions sure there be)
Now they are all at thy control,
My Jesus! all for thee.

2. If love, that pleasing pow'r, can rest
In hearts so hard as mine,
Come gentle Saviour to my breast,
For all my love is thine.

3. Let the gay world with treach'rous art
Allure my eyes in vain,
I have convey'd away my heart
Ne'er to return again.

4. I feel my warmest passions dead
To all that earth can boast;
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.

5. Now I can fix my thoughts above
Amidst their flatt'ring charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.

6. So Gabriel at his King's command
From yon' celestial hill
Walks downward to our worthless land,
His soul points upward still.

ET Muse! descend and bless the shade,
bless the ev'ning grove;
ness, noise, and day, are fled,
ev'ry care but love.
But hence ye wanton, young, and fair,
e is a purer flame;
Phillis shall infect the air
h her unhallow'd name.
Jesus has all my pow'rs possest,
hopes, my fears, my joys;
the dear Sov'reign of my breast,
I still command my voice.
Some of the fairest choirs above
l flock around my song,
h joy to hear the name they love
id from a mortal tongue.

6. I'll carve our passion on the bark,
And ev'ry wounded tree
Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
That Jesus dy'd for me.

7. The swains shall wonder when they read,
Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That Heav'n itself came down and bled
To win a mortal's love.

The fairest and the only beloved.

I.

Honour to that diviner ray
That first allur'd my eyes away
From ev'ry mortal fair;
All the gay things that held my sight
Seem but the twinkling sparks of night,
And languishing in doubtful light
Die at the morning star.

II.

Whatever speaks the Godhead great
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever makes the creature sweet
And worthy of my passion, meet
Harmonious in my Lord.
A thousand graces ever rise
And bloom upon his face,
A thousand arrows from his eyes
Shoot thro' my heart with dear surprise
And guard around the place.

III.

ıll never cure
I found,
Beauty's pow'r
ound:
ow and fade,
ounds she made,
:h divine
e of the heart;
oin'd shall never part,
e mine.

IV.

ıs shades of night
day
ıage from my sight
away;
ing theme,

Amidst thy glories and thy grace
Let all my remnant minutes pass;
Grant, thou Everlasting fair,
Grant my soul a mansion there:
My soul aspires to see thy face
Tho' life should for the vision pay;
So rivers run to meet the sea,
And lose their nature in th' embrace.

VI.

Thou art my ocean, thou my God,
In thee the passions of the mind,
With joys and freedom unconfin'd,
Exult and spread their pow'rs abroad.
Not all the glitt'ring things on high
Can make my heav'n if thou remove;
I shall be tir'd and long to die;
Life is a pain without thy love:
Who could ever bear to be
Curs'd with immortality
Amongst the stars but far from thee?

Mutual love stronger than death.

I.

Not the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love

we to Christ my God:
ith pangs which none but he could feel
brought my guilty soul from hell:
t the first seraph's tongue can tell
e value of his blood.

II.

ndly he seiz'd me in his arms
om the false world's pernicious charms,
ith force divinely sweet,
d I ten thousand lives my own,
his demand
ith cheerful hand
pay the vital treasure down
hourly tributes at his feet

III.

t, Saviour, let me taste thy grace

The substance of the following copy, and many of the lines, were sent me by an esteemed friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a desire that I would form them into a Pindaric ode; but I retained his measures lest I should too much alter his sense.

A sight of Christ.

Angels of light! your God and King surround
With noble songs; in his exalted flesh
He claims your worship, while his saints on earth
Bless their Redeemer God with humble tongues.
Angels with lofty honours crown his head;
We bowing at his feet by faith may feel
His distant influence and confess his love.
Once I beheld his face when beams divine
Broke from his eyelids, and unusual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and surprise:
My joyful heart high leaping in my breast
With transport cry'd, "This is the Christ of God!"
Then threw my arms around in sweet embrace,
And clasp'd and bow'd, adoring low, till I was lost in
While he appears no other charms can hold [him.
Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deserve or name,
Tho' with contempt best in oblivion hid.
But the bright shine and presence soon withdrew;
I sought him whom I lov'd, but found him not;
I felt his absence, and with strongest cries

To hold or seek him is my ... ...
The refrain on me to cast his eye
Down from his palace, or my longing soul
With upward look can spy my dearest Lord
Thro' his blue pavement, I'll behold him still
With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,
All in his blood and anguish groaning deep,
Gasping and dying there----------
This sight I ne'er can lose; by it I live:
A quick'ning virtue from his death inspir'd
Is life and breath to me, his flesh my food,
His vital blood I drink, and hence my strength.
I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life
Beats quick within my breast; my vig'rous mind
Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings
Reaches the mount of purposes divine,
Counsels of peace betwixt th' almighty Three,
Conceiv'd at once and sign'd without debate,
... perfect union of th' Eternal Mind.

I can discover; Christ the end of all,
And Christ the great beginning; he my head,
My god, my glory, and my all in all.
O that the day, the joyful day, were come
When the first Adam from his ancient dust,
Crown'd with new honours, shall revive, and see
Jesus his Son and Lord, while shouting saints
Surround their King, and God's eternal Son
Shines in the midst, but with superior beams,
And like himself; then the mysterious Word
Long hid behind the letter shall appear
All spirit and life, and in the fullest light
Stand forth to public view, and there disclose
His Father's sacred works and wondrous ways;
Then wisdom, righteousness, and grace divine,
Thro' all the infinite transactions past,
Inwrought and shining, shall with double blaze
Strike our astonish'd eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.
Death and the Tempter, and the Man of Sin,
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment cast,
Shall vex the saints no more, but perfect love
And loudest praises perfect joy create,
While ever-circling years maintain the blissful state.

look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

2. See where he languish'd on the cross;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he sits to plead my cause
By his almighty Father's side.

3. If I behold his bleeding heart
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasures with his pains.

4. Or if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conqu'ror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells
Near the memorials of his wound.

5. How shall a pardon'd rebel show
How much I love my dying God?

A preparatory thought for the Lord's supper.

In imitation of Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

WHAT heav'nly Man, or lovely God
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2. The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he;
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

3. Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own those wounds and I adore;
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!

4. Whence flow these favours so divine?
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine
This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food?

5. 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

6. Then let us taste the Saviour's love,
Come faith and feed upon the Lord;
With glad consent our lips shall move
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

And flatt'ries paid to [illegible]
Their conversation cloys,
Their vain amours and empty stuff,
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy best company, my Lord, thou lif

II.

When he begins to tell his love
Thro' ev'ry vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight shades on frosty ground
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold nor
ness long.

III.

There, while I hear my Saviour-Go
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load!)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with sacred shame,
[illegible] and bless the n

Till I am drown'd in tears,
Yet with the sympathetic smart
There 's a strange joy beats round my heart;
The cure'd tree has blessings in 't, my sweetest balm [it bears.

V.

I hear the glorious Suff'rer tell
How on his cross he vanquish'd hell
And all the pow'rs beneath:
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song,
" How has the serpent lost his sting, and where 's thy victr'y death?"

VI.

But when he shows his hands and heart
With those dear prints of dying smart
He sets my soul on fire;
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more intense desire.

VII.

Kindly he opes to me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,
In ev'ry woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head sustains.

My soul disdains [illegible]
The ringlets of Amira's hair:
Thine arms my God are sweeter bands, nor can
heart remove.

Grace shining, and nature fainting.

Sol. Song, i. 3. and ii. 5. and vi. 5.

I.

TELL me fairest of thy kind,
Tell me shepherd all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May be relieved from cares like mine.
Shepherd, lead me to thy grove;
If burning noon infect the sky
The sick'ning sheep to covert fly,
The sheep not half so faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

II.

[illegible] dear Sov'reign of my breast,

O my great Redeemer say,
Shall I turn my feet astray?
Will Jesus bear to see me rove,
To see me seek another love?

III.

Ne'er had I known his dearest name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,
Had not his heart-strings first began the tender sound:
Nor can I bear the thought that he
Should leave the sky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch so vile as me,
Without returns of passion for his dying wound.

IV.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sits majesty and gentleness.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills;
His absence is perpetual smart;
Nor is my soul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love
And feel his warmer smiles.
Where shall I rest this drooping head?
I love, I love the sun, and yet I want the shade.

V.

My sinking spirits feebly strive
T'endure the ecstasy;

Oh! why should Beauty heav'nly bright
Stoop to charm a mortal's sight,
And torture with the sweet excess of light?
Our hearts alas! how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break;
Oh! why is Love so strong and Nature's self so v

VII.

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Ascend the azure hills, and shine
Amongst the happy tenants of the skies,
They can sustain a vision so divine.
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intense the glories overcome n

VIII.

Dear Lord! forgive my rash complaint,

Then shall I gaze with strengthen'd sight
On glories infinitely bright;
My heart shall all be love, my Jesus all delight.

Love to Christ present or absent.

Or all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus! thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below
And nearest image of the blest.

2. Sweet are my thoughts and soft my cares
When the celestial flame I feel;
In all my hopes and all my fears
There's something kind and pleasing still.

3. While I am held in his embrace
There 's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile he wears upon his face
Fixes and charms and fires my love.

4. He speaks, and straight immortal joys
Run thro' my ears and reach my heart;
My soul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleasure shoots thro' ev'ry part.

5. If he withdraw a moment's space
He leaves a sacred pledge behind;
Here in this breast his image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

ask the watchmen of the night
r some kind tidings of my Love,
s very name creates delight.
8. Jesus, my God! yet rather come;
ine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'is best to see my Lord at home,
nd feel the presence of his grace.

The absence of Christ.

COME, lead me to some lofty shade
Where turtles moan their loves;
Tall shadows were for lovers made,
And grief becomes the groves.

2. 'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has enslav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

[illegible] bright,

4. But ah! how far above this grove
Does the bright charmer dwell?
Absence, thou keenest wound to love,
That sharpest pain I feel.

5. Pensive I climb the sacred hills
And near him vent my woes,
Yet his sweet face he still conceals,
Yet still my passion grows.

6. I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bless the Echo in her cell
That best repeats his name.

7. My passion breathes perpetual sighs
Till pitying winds shall hear
And gently bear them up the skies
And gently wound his ear.

Desiring his descent to earth.

Jesus I love: come, dearest name,
Come and possess this heart of mine;
I love, tho' 'tis a fainter flame
And infinitely less than thine.

2. O! if my lord would leave the skies
Dress'd in the rays of mildest grace,
My soul should hasten to my eyes
To meet the pleasures of his face.

The world in vain, should bid me move,
n vain, for I should gaze so long
Till I were all transform'd to love.
5. Then (mighty God!) I'd sing and say
' What empty names are crowns and kings!
' Amongst 'em give these worlds away,
' These little despicable things."
6. I would not ask to climb the sky,
Nor envy angels their abode;
have a heav'n as bright and high
n the bless'd vision of my God.

Ascending to him in heaven.

'Tis pure delight without alloy,
Jesus! to hear thy name,
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
feel the sacred flame.

3. This is the grace must live and sing
When faith and fear shall cease,
Must sound from ev'ry joyful string
Thro' the sweet groves of bliss.

4. Let life immortal seize my clay,
Yet love refine my blood,
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

5. Swift I ascend the heav'nly place
And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come.

6. Sink down ye separating hills,
Let guilt and death remove,
'Tis Love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And Death must yield to love.

The presence of God worth dying for, or the death of Moses.

LORD! 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2. This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And Heav'n repeats the song.

ove, a sea without a shore,
fe and joy abroad;
av'n worth dying for
miling God!
me thy face, and I'll away
nferior things;
d, and here I quit my clay
h my airy wings.
t was the journey to the sky
rous Prophet try'd;
p the mount," says God, "and die;"
het climb'd and dy'd.
his fainting head he lay
Maker's breast,
r kiss'd his soul away,
is flesh to rest.
d's own arms he left the breath
's own Spirit gave;
e noblest road to death

Longing for Christ's return.

O 'twas a mournful parting day!
"Farewell my spouse!" he said;
(How tedious Lord is thy delay!
How long my love hath staid!)

2. "Farewell!" at once he left the ground
And climb'd his Father's sky;
Lord! I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

3. Round the creation wild I rove
And search the globe in vain;
There's nothing here that's worth my love
Till thou return again.

4. My passions fly to seek their King
And send their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing
And mourn an absent God.

5. With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
My soul dissolves away:
Dear Sov'reign! whirl the seasons round
And bring the promis'd day.

What tho' a short eclipse [illegible]
And bar the influence of his rays?
'Tis but a morning vapour or a summer
He is my Sun tho' he refuse to shine;
Tho' for a moment he depart
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.
Early before the light arise
I'll spring a thought away to God;
The passion of my heart and eyes
Shall shout a thousand groans and sighs
A thousand glances strike the skies,
The floor of his abode.

II.

Dear Sov'reign! hear thy servant pray,
[illegible] the blue heav'ns, Eternal King!

But thou my sun and thou my shield
Wilt save me in the bloody field;
Break, glorious brightness! shoot one glimm'ring ray,
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

III.

Happy the times, but ah! the times are gone,
When wondrous pow'r and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple shone,
And mingled their victorious rays:
Sin with all its ghastly train
Fled to the deeps of death again,
And smiling triumph sat on ev'ry face:
Our spirits raptur'd with the sight
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud hosannas sounded the Redeemer's praise.
Here could I say,
(And point the place whereon I stood)
Here I enjoy'd a visit half the day
From my descending God;
I was regal'd with heav'nly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely sweet the blessings were
While my Emanuel was there,
And o'er my head
The Conqu'ror spread
The banner of his love.

IV.

Then why my heart sunk down so low?
Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
And hopeless nature mourn?
Review my soul! those pleasing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Thro' the displeasure of his face,
And wait a kind rerurn.
A father's love may raise a frown
To chide the child or prove the son,
But love will ne'er destroy:
The hour of darkness is but short;
Faith be thy life and patience thy support;
The morning brings the joy.

Come, Lord Jesus.

4. Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the gen'ral doom!
Come thou the soul of all our joys,
Thou the desire of nations come.

5. Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes and bless our ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown,
Thou Fairest of ten thousand fairs.

6. Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And ev'ry limb and ev'ry joint
Stretches for immortality.

7. Our spirits shake their eager wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne;
We rise away from mortal things
T' attend thy shining chariot down.

8. Now let our cheerful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And smile to see the lightnings play
And flash along before thy wheels.

9. O for a shout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thund'ring sound!
The angel herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves and tears the ground.

10. Ye slumb'ring saints a heav'nly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let ev'ry sacred sleeping dust
Leap into life, for Jesus comes.

Run up the hills of heav'nly light,
And leave the welt'ring world in fire.

Bewailing my own inconstancy.

I LOVE the Lord; but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This wanton heart how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

2. If my soul burn to see my God
I tread the courts of his abode,
But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me oft' before his face.

3. Would I enjoy my Lord alone
I bid my passions all be gone,

5. Oft' I am told the Muse will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Straight I begin some sacred song,
And take my Saviour on my tongue.

6. Strangely I lose his lovely face
To hold the empty sounds in chase;
At best the chimes divide my heart,
And the Muse shares the larger part.

7. False confidant! and falser breast!
Fickle and fond of ev'ry guest;
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance thro' my eyes.

8. This foolish heart can leave her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad;
How shall I fix this wand'ring mind,
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

9. Look gently down Almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

10. Say when shall that bright moment be
That I shall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild Muse prove false no more?

Forsaken, yet hoping.

y the hours, the golden days,
I could call my Jesus mine,
it and view his smiling face,
melt in pleasures all divine.
Near to my heart, within my arms,
ay till sin defil'd my breast,
broken vows and earthly charms
'd and provok'd my heav'nly guest.
3. And now he's gone, (O mighty wo!)
one from my soul, and hides his love!
urse on you sins that griev'd him so,
Ye sins that forc'd him to remove.
4. Break, break my heart, complain my tongue,
my friends your sorrows bring,
sad song

7. Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills
My soul springs out to meet him high,
Then the fair Conqu'ror turns his wheels
And climbs the mansion of the sky.

8. There smiling joy for ever reigns;
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewell to jealousies and pains,
And all the ills of absent love.

The conclusion. God exalted above all praise.

ETERNAL Pow'r! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2. The lowest step beneath thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet,
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.

3. Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping and spread the ground.

4. Lord! what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
"The Great, the Holy, and the High!"

Be short our [illegible]
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues

Tibi silet laus, O Deus. Psal.

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Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense! --We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the blessed, what makes their bliss;
Sonas such as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verse! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise.---
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page:
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. VI.

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BOOKSELLER AND PRINTER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1803

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING HIS

HORÆ LYRICÆ,

IN THREE BOOKS.

AND POEMS CHIEFLY OF THE LYRIC KIND.

Hail, heav'n born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphic numbers durst attempt
To gain thy native skies.---With thought sublime
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN

Seraphic heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports feel
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.
The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget PHILOMELA

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HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.

To her Majesty.

QUEEN of the northern world, whose gentle sway
Commands our love and charms our hearts t' obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when William dy'd.
Lo, at thy feet, in all the loyal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almost without a tear
Stands nor complains, while from thy gracious tongue
Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.
Amazing balm that on those lips was found
To sooth the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! the terror dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion shouts thine honours as her joys arise
The German Eagle feels her guardian dead;
Not her own thunder can secure her head;
Her trembling Eaglets hasten from afar,
And Belgia's Lion dreads the Gallic war;
All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands,
Whose lives lay trusted in Nassauvian hands,
Transfer their souls, and live secure; they play
In thy mild rays and love the growing day.

And crowds wait round her to receive c
There at a humble distance from the th
Beauteous she lies, her lustre all her ow
Ungarnish'd, yet not blushing nor afrai
Nor knows suspicion nor affects the sh
Cheerful and pleas'd, she not presumes
In thy parental gifts but owns thy guar
For thee, dear Sov'reign! endless vow
And Zeal with earthly wing salutes th
To gain thy safety: here a solemn forn
Of ancient words keeps the devotion wi
And guides but bounds our wishes: th
Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfir
With bolder hopes; yet still beyond o
Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading

The vengeance of thy rod with gen'ral joy
Shall scourge rebellion and the rival boy *:
Thy sounding arms his Gallic patron hears,
And speeds his flight, nor overtakes his fears
Till hard despair wring from the tyrant's soul
The iron tears out. Let thy frown control
Our angry jars at home till Wrath submit
Her impious banners to thy sacred feet;
Mad Zeal and Phrenzy with their mumm'rous train
Fly these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign,
Envy expire in rage, and Treason bite the chain.
Let no black scene affright fair Albion's stage;
Thy thread of life prolong our Golden Age;
Long bless the earth, and late ascend thy throne
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown
Nor there unsung, for by thy awful hands
Heav'n rules the waves and thunders o'er the lands,
Creates inferior kings † and gives them their commands.)
Legions attend thee at the radiant gates
For thee thy sister-seraph, blest Maria waits.
But oh! the parting stroke! some heav'nly pow'r
Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour;
Some new propitious star appear on high,
The fairest glory of the western sky,

* The pretender.

† She made Charles the Emperor's second son King of *Spain*, who is now Emperor of Germany.

BRITONS! forgive the forward Muse
That dar'd prophetic seals to loose,
(Unskill'd in Fate's eternal book)
And the deep characters mistook.
George is the name, that glorious star
Ye saw his splendors beaming far,

---

* *Note.* This poem was written in the
that honourable part of the reign of our la
she had broke the French power at Blen
the right of Charles the present Empero
of Spain, exerted her zeal for the Pro
sion, and promised inviolably to maint
tion to the Protestant Dissenters Thu
the chief support of the Reformation, an

Saw in the east your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies,
Streaking the heav'ns with crimson gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray
And gave the dying nations day:
His influence soothes the Russian Bear,
Calms rising wars and heals the air;
Join'd with the sun his beams are hurl'd
To scatter blessings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the Muse has spoke,
And crown the work that Anne forsook.

August 1, 1721.

To John Locke, Esq. retired from business.

I.

Angels are made of heav'nly things,
And light and love our souls compose,
Their bliss within their bosom springs;
But narrow minds still make pretence
To search the coasts of flesh and sense
And fetch diviner pleasures thence.
Men are akin t' ethereal forms,
But they belie their nobler birth,
Debase their honour down to earth,
And claim a share with worms.

Within his spec.
Locke hath a soul wide as the sea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vast ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd.

To Sir John Shute, Esq. (now Lord Bar
Locke's dangerous sickness, some time afte
study the Scriptures.

I.

And must the man of wondrous min
(Now his rich thoughts are just refin'
Forsake our longing eyes?
Reason at length submits to wear
The wings of Faith, and lo, they rea
Her chariot high, and nobly bear

III.

Thus when our follies or our faults
Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
Thy pen shall make us wise,
The sallies of whose youthful wit
Could pierce the British songs with light,
Place our true int'rest * in our sight,
And open half our eyes.

To Mr. William Noke, Friendship, 1703.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind!
Thou sweet deluding ill!
The brightest minute mortals find,
And sharpest hours we feel.

2. Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

3. But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

4. Oh! why should bliss depart in haste
And friendship stay to mourn?
Why the fond passion cling so fast
When ev'ry joy is gone?

* The interest of England, written by J. S. Esq.

I.

'Tis not by splendor or by state,
Exalted mien or lofty gait,
My Muse takes measure of a king:
If wealth, or height, or bulk, will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majestic thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boast
O'er fellow-minds enslav'd in clay,
Or swell when I shall have engrost
A larger heap of shining dust,
And wear a bigger load of earth than th
Let the vain world salute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The sounding names of high and great,

While the glad tenants of the shore
Shout and pronounce him senator;
Yet still the man 's the same;
For well the happy merchant knows
The soul with treasure never grows
Nor swells with airy fame.

III.

But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To rise above the mean control
Of flesh and sense, to which we 're ty'd;
This is ambition that becomes a soul.
We steer our course up thro' the skies,
Farewell this barren land;
We ken the heav'nly shore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of spirits lies
And beck'ning angels stand.

To Dr. Thomas Gibson.

The life of souls, 1704.

I.

Swift as the sun revolves the day
We hasten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind we puff away
And to the ground we tread.

* Member of Parliament for a pore in Sussex.

IV.

Sure there's a mind within that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;
I feel the inward pulse beat high
With vig'rous immortality.
Let earth resume the flesh it gave
And breath dissolve amongst the winds;
Gibson! the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose or you can save,
Are not akin to minds.

V.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ;
When Heav'n shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The bus'ness or the joy.

False greatness.

I.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate;
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet and conspire to make him great,
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason, cann't descend so low.

20
30

To Sarissa. An epistle.

Bear up, Sarissa, thro' the ruffling storms
Of a vain vexing world; tread down the cares,
Those rugged thorns that lie across the road,
Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the Muse,
She sings experienc'd truth: this briny dew,
This rain of eyes, will make the briers grow.
We travel thro' a desert, and our feet
Have measur'd a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers and a thousand snares
Well 'scap'd. Adieu ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finish'd labours and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: the twinge of real smart
And the false terrors of ill-boding dreams
Vanish together; be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewell ye waxing and ye waning moons
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height: then silence reign'd
O'er half the world, then ye beheld our tears.
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns
Or richer orb ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round
Those hours are fled. Farewell months that are

Look far astern till they have lost the si
And shout their boist'rous joys. A ger
Sings thy dear safety, and commands th
To dark oblivion, bury'd deep in night;
Lose them Sarissa, and assist my song.
Awake thy voice, sing how the slend
Of Fate's immortal Now divides the pa
From all the future with eternal bars,
Forbidding a return. The past temptat
No more shall vex us; ev'ry grief we fe
Shortens the destin'd number, ev'ry pu
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away
And the last stroke will come. By swi
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon a
At life's sweet period. O celestial poin
That ends this mortal story!

Should vicious Pleasure take an angel form,
And at a distance rise by slow degrees,
Treach'rous to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof, nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: the just delight
That heav'n indulges lawful must obey.
Superior pow'rs, nor tempt your thoughts too far
In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope
To dang'rous size: if it approach your feet
And court your hand forbid th' intruding joy
To sit too near your heart; still may our souls
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
Our better born affections; leave the globe,
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.
O! there are gardens of th' immortal kind
That crown the heav'nly Eden's rising hills
With beauty and with sweets; no lurking mischief
Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs;
The branches bend laden with life and bliss,
Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent:
Hold fast the golden chain * let down from heav'n,
'Twill help your feet and wings: I feel its force
Draw upwards; fasten'd to the pearly gate
It guides the way unerring; happy clue
Thro' this dark wild! 'Twas Wisdom's noblest work
All join'd by Pow'r divine, and ev'ry link is love.

* The gospel.

Farewell to growing fame. I leave it
A life not half worn out with cares
Or agonies or years;
I leave my country all in tears,
But Heav'n demands me upward, and
Amongst ye, friends, divide and shar
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear
A long fatigue of life, and drudge thr

11.

Hark! my fair guardian chides my s
And waves his golden rod;
"Angel, I come, lead on the way."
And now by swift degrees
I sail aloft thro' azure seas,
Now tread the Milky road.

There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from sieges and surpri

III.

With pleasing rev'rence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold:
Enter, my soul! and view th' amazing scenes;
Sit fast upon the flying Muse,
And let thy roving wonder loose
O'er all th' empyreal plains.
Noon stands eternal here; here may thy sight
Drink to the rays of primogenial light,
Here breathe immortal air:
Joy must beat high in ev'ry vein,
Pleasure thro' all thy bosom reign,
The law forbid the stranger pain,
And banish ev'ry care.

IV.

See how the bubbling springs of love
Beneath the throne arise!
The streams in crystal channels move,
Around the golden streets they rove
And bless the mansions of the upper skies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor sin nor death infects the fruit,
Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs
And springs from ev'ry root:

Nor can excess be there.

V.

In sacred order rang'd along
Saints, new releas'd by death,
Join the bold seraphs' warbling breath
And aid th' immortal song:
Each has a voice that tunes his string
To mighty sounds and mighty things
Things of everlasting weight,
Sounds like the softer viol sweet.
And like the trumpet strong,
Divine attention held my soul;
I was all ear;
Thro' all my pow'rs the heav'n'ly ac
I long'd and wish'd my Bradb'ry the
"Could he but hear these notes," I

Again my soul th' unequal honour sought,
Again her utmost force she brought, [thou
And bow'd beneath the burden of th' unwieldy
Thrice I essay'd and fainted thrice;
Th' immortal labour stain'd my feeble frame,
Broke the bright vision and dissolv'd the dream;
I sunk at once and lost the skies:
In vain I sought the scenes of light,
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around 'em stood my curtains and the nigh

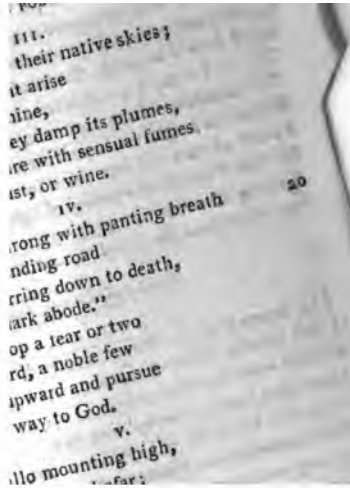
Strict religion very rare.

I.

I 'M borne aloft and leave the crowd,
I sail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold;
Mine eyes beneath the op'ning day
Command the globe with wide survey,
Where ants in busy millions play
And tug and heave the mould.

II.

" Are these the things," my Passion cry'd,
" That we call Men? are these ally'd
" To the fair worlds of light?
" They 've rased out their Maker's name
" Grav'n on their minds with pointed flame
" In strokes divinely bright.



III.
their native skies;
it arise
nine,
ey damp its plumes,
re with sensual fumes
ist, or wine.
IV.
rong with panting breath
nding road
rring down to death,
ark abode."
op a tear or two
rd, a noble few
pward and pursue
way to God.
V.
llo mounting high,
far;

On heav'n, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God;
With morning incense up they rise
Sublime, and thro' the lower skies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

VI.

Across the road a seraph flew;
"Mark," said he, "that happy pair,
"Marriage helps devotion there;
"When kindred minds their God pursue
"They break with double vigour thro'
"The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleasure and surprise
My soul adores, and sings
"Bless'd be the Pow'r that springs their flight,
"That streaks their path with heav'nly light,
"That turns their love to sacrifice,
"And joins their zeal for wings!"

To Mr. C. and S. Fleetwood.

I.

FLEETWOODS, young gen'rous pair!
Despise the joys that fools pursue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.
Try'd by a standard bold and just,
Honour, and gold, and paint, and dust,
How vile the last is, and as vain the first!

II.

The soul 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Outlives the mould'ring corpse, and
In limbs of clay tho' she appears,
Array'd in rosy skin and deck'd with
The flesh is but the soul's disguise;
There's nothing in her frame kin t
From all the laws of matter free,
From all we feel and all we see,
She stands eternally distinct, and must

III.

Rise then my thoughts on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die:
Lo! on an awful throne

IV.

Think of the sands run down to waste;
We possess none of all the past;
None but the present is our own:
Grace is not plac'd within our pow'r,
'Tis but one short one shining hour,
Bright and declining as a setting sun:
See the white minutes wing'd with haste;
The Now that flies may be the last:
Seize the salvation ere 'tis past,
Nor mourn the blessing gone:
A thought's delay is ruin here;
A closing eye, a gasping breath,
Shuts up the golden scene in death,
And drowns you in despair.

To William Blackbourn, Esq.

Casimire, lib. ii. *ode* 2. *imitated,*

Quae tegit canas modo Bruma valles, &c.

MARK how it snows! how fast the valley fills!
And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear,
Yet the warm sunbeams bounding from the hills
Shall melt the veil away and the young green appear.
2. But when old age has on your temples shed
Her silver frost there 's no returning sun;

mer fled,
and golden joys;

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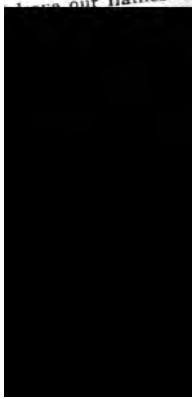


We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to Reason's throne
Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
Makes Heav'n its counsel, from the rolls above
Draws his own statues, and with joy obeys.
'Tis not a troop of well appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Tho' gilt with sunbeams and set round with stars.
A monarch he that conquers all his fears
And treads upon them; when he stands alone
Makes his own camp; for guardian Virtues wait
His nightly slumbers and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light, he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.
In vain the harlot Pleasure spreads her charms
To lull his thoughts in Luxury's fair lap
To sensual ease; (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness,) still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heav'nly form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd,

Wisdom his pow'r, and conscience
His peace all inward, and his joys hi
Now my ambition swells, my wisl
This be my kingdom: sit above the
My rising soul! and dress thyself a
And shine in Virtue's armour, climb
Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frown
Yet once a-day drop down a gent
On the great molehill, and with pit
Survey the busy emmets round the
Crowding and bustling in a thousa
Of strife and toil to purchase wealt
A bubble or a dust; then call thy
Up to thyself to feed on joys unkn
with without gold and great with

Amongst these dying clods, and bears her state.
Just to herself: how nobly she maintains
Her character superior to the flesh!
She wields her passion like her limbs, and knows
The brutal pow'rs were only born t' obey.
This is the man whom storms could never make
Meanly complain, nor can a flatt'ring gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no desire
To read his secret fate; yet, unconcern'd
And calm, could meet his unborn destiny
In all its charming or its frightful shapes.
He that unshrinking and without a groan
Bears the first wound may finish all the war
With mere courageous silence, and come off
Conqu'ror; for the man that well conceals
The heavy strokes of Fate he bears 'em well.
He tho' th' Atlantic and the midland seas
With adverse surges meet and rise on high,
Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amain
Mingled with flames upon his single head,
And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he stands,
Secure of his best life, unhurt, unmov'd,
And drops his lower nature, born for death;
Then from the lofty castle of his mind
Sublime looks down exulting, and surveys
The ruins of creation; (souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds) a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing lids

No matter whether 'twas a sharp di
Or a sharp sword that help'd the tra
And push'd us to our hope, bear up
Serenely and break thro' the storm
With steady prow: know we shall
At the fair heaven of eterna bliss
To which we ever steer, whether a
Of wide command we 'ave spread t
With a broad painted fleet, or row
In a thin cock-boat with a little oa
There let my native plank shift
And I'll be happy: thus I'll leap a
Joyful and fearless, on th' immorta
Since all I leave is mortal, and it

To the much honoured Mr. Thomas

No more, ye slaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track nor dance the round;
Loose hands, and quit th' enchanted ground;
Knowledge invites us each alone.

II.

I hate these shackles of the mind
Forg'd by the haughty wise;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led like Samson blind and bound,
But when his native strength he found
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence Rowe;
Thy gentle influence, like the sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow
And chuse the channels where they run.

III.

Thoughts should be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a single mind
Will thro' all nature fly;
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of laden souls?
A genius which no chain controls
Roves with delight or deep or high;
Swift I survey the globe around,
Dive to the centre thro' the solid ground,
Or travel o'er the sky.

Rowe! if we make the crowd
Thro' life's uncertain road
Mean is the chase, and wand'ri
We miss th' immortal good;
Yet if my thoughts could be co
To follow any leader mind
I'd mark thy steps and tread th
Dress'd in thy notions I'd appe
Not like a soul of mortal frame
Nor with a vulgar air.

II.

Men live at random and by cha
Bright Reason never leads the
Whilst in the broad and beaten
O'er dales and hills from truth w
To ruin we

II.

Mere Hazard first began the track,
Where Custom leads her thousands blind
In willing chains and strong;
There 's scarce one bold one noble mind
Dares tread the fatal error back,
But hand in hand ourselves we bind
And drag the age along.

IV.

Mortals, a savage herd and loud
As billows on a flood
In rapid order roll;
Example makes the mischief good;
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let Ithuriel's * friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime
To Wisdom's lofty tow'r,
Thence to survey that wretched thing
Mankind, and in exalted rhyme
Bless the deliv'ring Pow'r.

To the Reverend Mr. John Howe, 1704.

I.

GREAT Man! permit the Muse to climb
And seat her at thy feet,
Bid her attempt a thought sublime
And consecrate her wit.

* *Ithuriel* is the name of an angel in Milton's Paradise Lost.

rossy earth,
alloy 1

" Knowledge their food and
But flesh, th' unmanageable beast,
Resists the pity of thine eyes
And music of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of grov'ling mind
Round the short joys of earthly kind
In restless winding roam:
Howe hath an ample orb of soul
Where shining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Completes the heav'n at home.

The disappointment and relief.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impose
Upon my better pow'rs;
She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes
And gilds the gloomy hours.
Bear this tedious round

On the g...
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they
And with more golden sands her fancy
Then fond to be entirely blest,
And tempted by a faithless youth
As void of goodness as of truth,
She plunges in with heedless haste
And rears the nether mud:
Darkness and nauseous dregs arise
O'er thy fair current Love, with large
Of pain to tease the heart and sorrow
The golden bliss that charm'd her sig
Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost;
A spark or glimm'ring streak at most
Shines here and there amidst the nig
Amidst the turbid waves, and gives

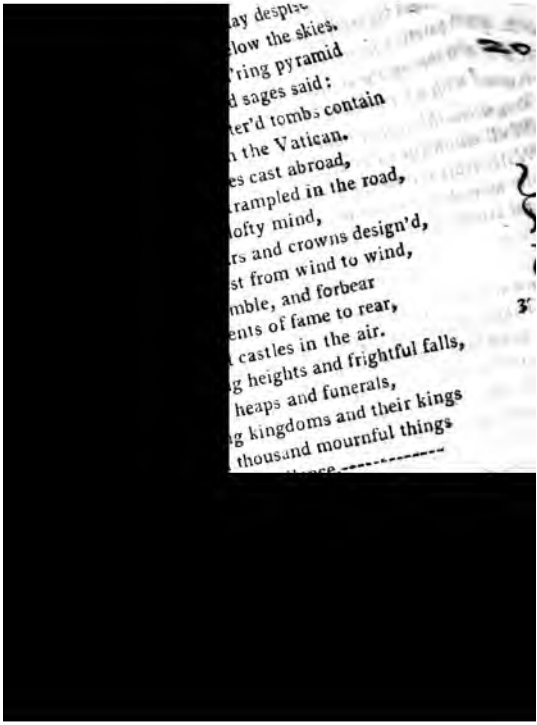
III.

Recover'd from the sad surprise
... awakes at last,

Cheerful she smiles upon her grisly form;
So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,
And paints a rainbow on the storm:
Anon she lets the sullen humour spend,
And with a virtuous book or friend
Beguiles th' uneasy hours;
Well colouring ev'ry crost she meets
With heart serene she sleeps and eats,
She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,
And strews her bed with flow'rs.

The hero's school of morality.

THERON amongst his travels found
A broken statue on the ground,
And searching onward as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd monument:
Mould, moss, and shades, had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
Yet ere he pass'd with much ado
He guess'd and spell'd out Sci-pi-o.
" Enough," he cry'd, " I'll drudge no more
" In turning the dull Stoics o'er;
" Let pedants waste their hours of ease
" To sweat all night at Socrates,
" And feed their boys with notes and rules,
" Those tedious receipes of schools
" To cure ambition; I can learn
" With greater ease the great concern


ay despis-
low the skies,
'ring pyramid
d sages said:
ter'd tombs contain
n the Vatican.
es cast abroad,
rampled in the road,
lofty mind,
rs and crowns design'd,
st from wind to wind,
mble, and forbear
ents of fame to rear,
castles in the air.
g heights and frightful falls,
heaps and funerals,
g kingdoms and their kings
thousand mournful things

" Lie still my Plutarch then and sleep
" And my good Seneca may keep
" Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
" I have no further use for you;
" For when I feel my virtue fail,
" And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
" I'll take a turn among the tombs
" And see whereto all glory comes;
" There the vile foot of ev'ry clown
" Tramples the sons of Honour down,
" Beggars with awful ashes sport
" And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.

Freedom, 1697.

TEMPT me no more; my soul can ne'e
With the gay slav'ries of a court;
I 'ave an aversion to those charms,
And hug dear Liberty in both mine arm
Go, vassal souls, go cringe and wait
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate
Then run in troops before him to compo
Move as he moves, and when he loiters
You 're but the shadows of a man:
Bend when he speaks and kiss the groun
Go catch th' impertinence of sound,
Adore the follies of the great,
Wait till he smiles; but lo! the idol fro
And drove them to their fate.

I can
Like a strong mou...
My soul grows firm upright,
And as I stand and as I go
It keeps my body so:
No, I can never part with my creation r
Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner pow'r than that w

III.

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd
Pindarical, then on a branchy shade
I hung my harp aloft, myself benea
Nature that listen'd to my strain
Resum'd the theme and acted it ag
Sudden rose a whirling wind
Smelling like Honorio proud,
and feathers cr

Of an old oak, and all the storm defy'd;
In vain the winds their forces try'd,
In vain they roar'd; the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heav'nly thunder's stroke.

On Mr. Locke's Annotations upon several parts of the New Testament, left behind him at his death.

I.

Thus reason learns by slow degrees
What faith reveals, but still complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkness from the too exuberant light:
The blaze of those bright mysteries
Pour'd all at once on Nature's eyes
Offend and cloud her feeble sight.

II.

Reason could scarce sustain to see
Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,
Or bear the infant Deity;
Scarce could her pride descend to own
Her Maker stooping from his throne,
And dress'd in glories so unknown;
A ransom'd world, a bleeding God,
And Heav'n appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be understood.

'Twas hard to make so rich a soul submit
And lay her shining honours at thy sov'rei

IV.

Sister of Faith, fair Charity,
Shew me the wondrous man on high,
Tell how he sees the Godhead Three in On
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His noblest pow'rs in deep prostration lie
At the mysterious throne:
"Forgive," he cries, "ye saints below,
"The wav'ring and the cold assent
"I gave to themes divinely true;
"Can you admit the blessed to repent?
"Eternal darkness vail the lines
"Of that unhappy book
"Where glimm'ring reason with false lus

True riches.

I Am not concern'd to know
What to-morrow Fate will do,
'Tis enough that I can say
I 've possess'd myself to-day:
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.
  Glitt'ring stones and golden things,
Wealth and honour, that have wings,
Ever flutt'ring to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows
She can take and I can lose,
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a-whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I 'm a kingdom of my own.
  I 've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,

---

places, give me reason to believe he was no Socinian, though he has darkened the glory of the gospel and debased Christianity in the book which he calls The Reasonableness of it, and in some of his other works.

On the same,

All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light
Just disclosing to the sight:
Here are thoughts of larger growth
Rip'ning into solid truth;
Fruits refin'd of noble taste,
Seraphs feed on such repast:
Here in a green and shady grove
Streams of pleasure mix with love;
There beneath the smiling skies
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.
--Those beauties more

Broader 'tis and brighter far
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the wat'ry stage
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts or horses strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days or more.
Yet the silly wand'ring mind,
Loath to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence;
Or she sits at Fancy's door
Calling shapes and shadow's t' her,
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living:
Never never would she buy
Indian dust or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native shore;
If her inward worth were known
She might ever live alone.

With an inimitable wing;
Thro' rising deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wondrous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growi
Nor Rapin * gives her rules to fly, nor Pu

II.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears,
Where lie the pointed rocks or where th
Climbing the liquid mountains of the ski
She meets descending angels as she flies,
Nor asks them where their country lies
Or where the sea-marks stand:
Touch'd with an empyreal ray
She springs unerring upward to eternal
Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers
[illegible] and safe attempt to the celes

Who dwell in enclos'd solid orbs of scull:
Plodding along their sober way
The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
While the poor lab'rers sweat to be correctly dull.

IV.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
Mark their own route, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlasting hills,
And lose the clouds below and leave the stars behind:
Give me the Muse whose gen'rous force,
Impatient of the reigns,
Pursues an unattempted course,
Breaks all the critic's iron chains,
And bears to Paradise the raptur'd mind.

V.

There Milton dwells; the mortal sung
Themes not presum'd by any mortal tongue;
New terrors or new glories shine
In ev'ry page, and flying scenes divine
Surprise the wond'ring sense and draw our souls along.
Behold his Muse sent out t' explore
The unapparent deep, where waves of chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown
Thro' fields of heav'nly war and seraphs overthrown,
Where his advent'rous genius led;
Sov'reign she fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.

Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
Now the lost Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air and triumphs in unrivall'
VI.
Immortal Bard! thus thy own Raphael sing
And knows no rule but native fire;
All heav'n sits silent while to his sov'reign
He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers r
Across the golden lyre;
From ev'ry note devotion springs;
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erspread the list'ning choir.

To Mr. Nicholas Clarke.

The complaint.

II.

The vig'rous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
Shone with a fainter bright;
Still sick'ning and decaying still
Dimly he wander'd up the hill
With his expiring light.

III.

In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,
The queen of Night obscur'd his gold
Behind her sable wheels;
Nature grew sad to lose the day,
The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
In mourning stood the hills.

IV.

" Such are our sorrows, Clarke," I cry'd,
" Clouds of the brain grow black and hide
" Our darken'd souls behind;
" In the young morning of our years
" Distemp'ring fogs have climb'd the spheres
" And choke the lab'ring mind.

V.

" Lo, the gay planet rears his head
" And overlooks the lofty shade,
" New-bright'ning all the skies:
" But say, dear partner of my moan,
" When will our long eclipse be gone,
" Or when our suns arise?

" But drugs —
" Or clatt'ring brass relieve the moon,
" When fainting in the sky.

VII.

" Some friendly spirit from above,
" Born of the light and nurs'd with love,
" Assist our feeble fires,
" Force these invading glooms away;
" Souls should be seen quite thro' their cl
" Bright as your heav'nly choirs.

VIII.

" But if the fogs must damp the flame,
" Gently kind Death dissolve our frame,
" Release the pris'ner mind:
" Our souls shall mount at thy discharge
" To their bright source, and shine at la
— — — nor confin'd."

2. Sickness and pains are quite forgot,
The spleen itself is gone;
Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

3. Infinite grief puts sense to flight
And all the soul invades;
So the broad gloom of spreading night
Devours the ev'ning shades.

4. Thus am I born to be unblest;
This sympathy of woe
Drives my own tyrants from my breast
T' admit a foreign foe.

5. Sorrows in long succession reign,
Their iron rod I feel;
Friendship has only chang'd the chain,
But I'm the pris'ner still.

6. Why was this life for mis'ry made,
Or why drawn out so long?
Is there no room amongst the dead,
Or is a wretch too young?

7. Move faster on great Nature's wheel,
Be kind ye rolling pow'rs,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undistinguish'd hours.

8. Be dusky all my rising suns,
Nor smile upon a slave;
Darkness and death make haste at once
To hide me in the grave.

" And force a [illegible]

5. Thus hov'ring o'er Namu[illegible]
Sung heav'nly Love in Gabriel's form,
Young Thraso left the moving strains
And vow'd to pray before the storm.

6. Anon the thund'ring trumpet calls;
" Vows are but wind," the hero cries;
Then swears by Heav'n, and scales the wa
Drops in the ditch, despairs and dies.

Burning several poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldh
&c. 1708.

1.

I JUDGE the Muse of lewd desire,
[illegible] sons to darkness and her works to
[illegible] of their wit,

II.

Die Flora, die in endless shame,
Thou prostitute of blackest fame,
Stript of thy false array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern lust who gild our scenes
Poison the British stage and paint damnation gay,
Attend your mistress to the dead:
When Flora dies her imps should wait upon her shade.

III.

Strephon, * of noble blood and mind,
(For ever shine his name!)
As death approach'd his soul refin'd,
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame:
"Burn, burn," he cry'd, with sacred rage,
"Hell is the due of ev'ry page,
"Hell be the fate. (But O! indulgent Heav'n
"So vile the Muse and yet the man forgiv'n!)
"Burn on my songs, for not the silver Thames,
"Nor Tiber with his yellow streams,
"In endless currents rolling to the main,
"Can e'er dilute the poison or wash out the stains."
So Moses by divine command
Forbid the leprous house to stand
When deep the fatal spot was grown;
"Break down the timber and dig up the stone."

* Earl of Rochester.

To wash our ...
These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,
And stream into a briny sea.

2. Or if these orbs are hard and dry,
(These orbs that never use to rain)
Some star direct me where to buy
One sov'reign drop for all my pain.

3. Were both the golden Indies m
I'd give both Indies for a tear;
I'd barter all but what's divine,
Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

4. But tears, alas! are trifling th
They rather feed than heal our wo
From trickling eyes new sorrow sp
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

5. Thus weeping urges weeping

7. If 't is a rugged path you go,
And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge thro' the fo
The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

Few happy matches, Aug. 1701.

I.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands
Find blessings twisted with their hands
To soften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into the chains
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine
And be as bless'd as they.

III.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too
And make a world of love.

Watts.

7. If 't is a rugged path you go,
And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge thro' the foe;
The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

Few happy matches, Aug. 1701.

I.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands
Find blessings twisted with their bands
To soften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into the chains
Custom leads the way:
There be bliss without design
Eyes and ears may grow and twine
And be blind as they.

III.

Not of earthly mould,
Hundred charms of gold
Love:
Mines of Peru
Nay marriage too
Of love.

T'improve the burning joy.

V.

Not the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the co
Are marry'd just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

VI.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heav'nly co. certs spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string
Or none besides the bass.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind,
For Love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

IX.

Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

To David Polhill, Esq.

An epistle, December, 1702.

I.

Let useless souls to woods retreat;
Polhill should leave a country-seat
When Virtue bids him dare be great.

II.

Nor Kent nor Sussex * should have charms
While Liberty with loud alarms
Calls you to counsels and to arms.

* His country-seat and dwelling.

Factions amongst the Britons † rise
And warring tongues and wild Sur
And burning Zeal without her eye

V.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Resolv'd " 'Tis of diviner weight
" To save the steeple than the stat

VI.

The bold machine ‡ is form'd and
To stretch the conscience, and to
The native freedom of the mind.

VII.

Your grandsires' shades with jeal
Frown down to see their offspri
Careless and let their country

The celebrated victory of the Poles over Osman the Turkish Emperor in the Dacian battle.

Translated from Casimire, b. iv. ode 4. with large additions.

GADOR the old, the wealthy, and the strong,
Cheerful in years, (nor of the heroic Muse
Unknowing nor unknown) held fair possessions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: sev'nty springs
Smil'd on his seed, and sev'nty harvest moons
Fill'd his wide gran'ries with autumnal joy;
Still he resum'd the toil, and Fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough
In grassy furrows, the torn earth discios'd
Helmets and swords (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty bones.
The sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his weary'd oxen from their food
With charming numbers and uncommon song.
  Go, fellow-lab'rers, you may rove secure
Or feed beside me; taste the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the sweet herb,
And graze in safety, while the victor Pole
Leans on his spear and breathes, yet still his eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,
How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields? what mighty piles

their supplies, in order to support the King in his wars with France.

I was their captive, and remind their c
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd i
In august port and regular array
Led on to conquest: here the Turkish
Presumptuous trod, and in rude order
His long battalions, while his pop'lou
Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual dres
Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled
O the dire image of the bloody fight
These eyes have seen! when the capac
Was throng'd with Dacian spears, whe
And convex gold blaz'd thick against
Restoring all his beams! but frownin
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest s
Wav'ring and doubtful where to bend
The storm of missive steel delay'd a

For both fled hissing death: with adverse edge
The crooked faulchions met, and hideous noise
From flashing shields thro' the long ranks of war
Clang'd horrible: a thousand iron storms
Roar diverse, and in harsh confusion drown
The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort
Of harmony! not all the frozen stores
Of the cold north when pour'd in rattling hail
Lash with such madness the Norwegian plains
Or so torment the ear: scarce sounds so far
The direful fragor when some southern blast
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock;
The massy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous crash rolls down the rugged cliff
Resistless, plunging in the subject lake
Como' or Lugaine; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills.
Such was the noise of war; the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighb'ring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate, appear
In all their murd'rous forms, and flame, and blood,
And sweat, and dust, array the broad campaign
In horror: hasty feet and sparkling eyes,
And all the savage passions of the soul,
Engage in the warm bus'ness of the day.

no friendly gri
close embrace,
Death :
command,
ates of arms,
elate,
urprising brigl
What loud apj
t manly shouts
ttle ring,
ss fame!
dubious. Her
the valiant Po
with lesser wit
oward soul
crowds

Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,
And imitates the artillery of heav'n,
The lightning and the roar. A mingling scene!
What shows'rs of mortal hail, what filthy fires
Burst from the darkness! while their colours firm
Met the like thunder and an equal storm
From hostile troops, but with a braver mind,
Undaunted hosts tempt the edge of war:
And rush on the sharp point, while baleful mischiefs,
Deaths and bright dangers, flew across the field
Thick and continual, and a thousand souls
Fled murm'ring thro' their wounds. I stood aloof,
For 't was unsafe to come within the wind,
Of Russian linnens, when with whizzing sound,
Eager of glory and profuse of life,
They bore down fearless on the charging foes
And drove them backward. Then the Turkish Moons
Wander'd in disray; a dark eclipse
Hung on the silver Crescent, holding night,
Long night to all her sons: at length disrob'd
The standards fell, the harb'rous ensigns torn
Fled with the wind, the sport of angry heav'n,
And a large cloud of infantry and horse
Scatt'ring in wild disorder spread the plain.

Not noise nor number, nor the brawny limb
Nor high-built size, prevails: 'tis courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall
(A spacious ruin) by one single axe

Supine, nor dream of battle's hare
Oppress'd with iron slumbers and
Their ghosts indignant to the neth
Fled, but attended well; for at th
Some faithful Janizaries strew'd th
Fall'n in just ranks or wedges, lu
Firm as they stood, to the Warso
A nobler toil, and triumph worth
But the broad sabre and keen poll
With speedy terror thro' the feebl
And made rude havock and irregu
Amongst the vulgar bands that o
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabian
In swift affright a thousand diff'r
Thro' brakes and thorns, and

Unseemly to the sight, nor to the smell
Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh and limbs
(A dismal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore
Lay welt'ring on the ground, while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves still shiv'ring, nor had lost
All taste of pain! Here an old Thracian lies
Deform'd with years and scars, and groans aloud,
Torn with fresh wounds, but inward vitals firm
Forbid the soul's remove, and chain it down,
By the hard laws of Nature to sustain
Long torment: his wild eyeballs roll; his teeth
Gnashing with anguish chide his ling'ring fate;
Emblazon'd armour spoke his high command
Amongst the neighb'ring dead; they round their lord
Lay prostrate, some in flight ignobly slain,
Some to the skies their faces upwards turn'd,
Still brave, and proud to die so near their prince.
I mov'd not far, and lo! at manly length
Two beauteous youths of richest Ott'man blood,
Extended on the field; in friendship join'd,
Nor Fate divides them; hardy warriors both,
Both faithful: drown'd in show'rs of darts they fell
Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's heart
In vain, for on those orbs of friendly brass
Stood gr ves of jav'lins; some alas! too deep
Were planted there, and thro' their lovely bosoms
Made painful avenues for cruel Death.
O my dear native land! forgive the tear

Among the slain
Gently I cry'd, " worthy of better
" And better faith." Hard by the
Of Saracen descent, a grizly form,
Breathless, yet Pride sat pale upon
In disappointment with a surly br
Louring in death and vex'd, his ri
Foaming with blood bit hard the l
In that dead visage my remembrar
Rash Caracas: in vain the boastir
Promis'd and sooth'd the Sultan,
With royal suppers and triumpha
Spread wide beneath Warsovian
See on the naked ground all cold l
Beneath the damp wide cov'ring
Forgetful of his word! How Hea

My barb'rous Muse, be still: immortal deeds
Must not be thus profan'd in rustic verse:
The martial trumpet, and the following age,
And growing Fame, shall loud rehearse the fight
In sounds of glory. Lo, the ev'ning star
Shines o'er the western hill; my oxen come,
The well known star invites the lab'rer home.

To Mr. Henry Bendish.

DEAR SIR, *Aug.* 24, 1705.

THE following song was your's when first composed: the Muse then described the general fate of mankind, that is, to be ill matched; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common mischief, and that your soul has found its own mate. Let this ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more complete likeness and love; persevere and be happy.

I persuade myself you will accept from the press what the pen more privately inscribed to you long ago; and I am in no pain lest you should take offence at the fabulous dress of this poem; nor would weaker minds be scandalized at it if they would give themselves leave to reflect how many divine truths are spoken by the holy writers in visions and images, parables and dreams: nor are my wiser friends ashamed to defend it, since the narrative is grave, and the moral so just and obvious.

Bendish, 't is strange the charm tha
Millions of hands should leave their
At such a loose from love.

II.

In vain I sought the wondrous caus
Rang'd the wide fields of Nature's l
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then deep in thought within my br
My soul retir'd, and slumber drest
A bright instructive scene.

III.

O'er the broad lands and cross the
On Fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges' floo
[illegible] I stood

V.

" He sang th' eternal rolling flame,
" That vital mass that still the same
" Does all our minds compose,
" But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames,
" Thence diff'ring souls of diff'ring names
" And jarring tempers rose.

VI.

" The mighty Pow'r that form'd the mind
" One mould for ev'ry two design'd,
" And bless'd the new-born pair;
" This be a match for this," (he said)
" Then down he sent the souls he made
" To seek them bodies here:

VII.

" But parting from their warm abode
" They lost their fellows on the road
" And never join'd their hands:
" Ah cruel Chance and crossing Fates!
" Our eastern souls have dropt their mates
" On Europe's barb'rous lands.

VIII.

" Happy the youth that finds the bride
" Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
" The sweetest joy of life;
" But oh! the crowds of wretched souls
" Fetter'd to minds of diff'rent moulds
" And chain'd t' eternal strife!"

" Sure then,
" That gentle nymph that twinn'd with
" I might be happy too.

X.

" Some courteous angel tell me where,
" What distant lands this unknown fai
" Or distant seas, detain?
" Swift as the wheel of Nature rolls
" I'd fly to meet and mingle souls
" And wear the joyful chain."

The happy man.

I.

SERENE as light is Myron's soul
And active as the sun, yet steady as th
manly beauty shines his face,

Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim:
The lands where Learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru
In barb'rous songs pronounce the British hero's name:
" Airy bliss," the hero cry'd,
" May feed the tympany of pride,
" But healthy souls were never found
" To live on emptiness and sound."

II.

Lo! at his honourable feet
Fame's bright attendant, Wealth, appears;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years;
Blessings with lavish hand she pours
Gather'd from the Indian coast:
Not Danae's lap could equal treasures boast
When Jove came down in golden show'rs,
He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high disdain I heard him say
" Bliss is not made of glitt'ring clay."

III.

Now Pomp and Grandeur court his head
With scutcheons, arms, and ensigns, spread;
Gay magnificence and state,
Guards and chariots at his gate,
And slaves in endless order round his table wait:
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall and now they rise,

Then flying from the noisy throng
Seeks the diversion of a song.

IV.

Music descending on a silent cloud
Tun'd all her strings with endless art;
By slow degrees from soft to loud
Changing she rose; the harp and flute
Harmonious join the hero to salute
And make a captive of his heart
Fruits and rich wine, and scenes of lawle
Each with utmost luxury strove
To treat their favourite best;,
But sounding strings, and fruits, and wi
And lawless love, in vain combine
To make his virtue sleep or lull his soul t

" Hence and be gone ye flatt'ring snares,
" Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
" Ye unperforming promisers!
" Be all my baser passions dead,
" And base desires by Nature made
" For animals and boys:
" Man has a relish more refin'd;
" Souls are for social bliss design'd:
" Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,
" A kindred-soul to double and to share my joys."

VI.

Myrrha appear'd; serene her soul
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole:
In softer beauties shone her face;
Ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace
Made her heart and tongue their seat,
Her heart profusely good, her tongue divinely sweet:
Myrrha, the wonder of his eyes,
His heart recoil'd with sweet surprise,
With joys unknown before;
His soul dissolv'd in pleasing pain
Flow'd to his eyes and look'd again
And could endure no more.
" Enough," th' impatient hero cries;
" And seiz'd her to his breast;
" I seek no more below the skies;
" I give my slaves the rest."

ly he leaves the pleasures of a throne
his Maria weeping, whilst alone
ards the fate of nations and provokes hi
leav'n secures its champion: o'er the fi
hov'ring angels tho' they lie conceal'd
intercepts a death and wears it on his s
w, noble pencil, lead him to our isle,
how the skies with joyful lustre smile,
imitate the glory on the strand,
d half the nation longing till he land.
off the blood and take a peaceful teint,
d the warrior, white the ruler paint,
d a hero and at home a saint.
e him on high upon a shining seat,
nd profaneness dying at his feet,
e round his head the laurel and the olive

Let Liberty and Right, with plumes display'
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's hea
Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions spread.
Religion guards him; round th' imperial queen
Place waiting Virtue, each of heav'nly mien:
Learn their bright air and paint it from his eyes
The just, the bold, the temp'rate, and the wis
Dwell in his looks, majestic but serene,
Sweet with no fondness, cheerful but not vain,
Bright without terror, great without disdain.
His soul inspires us what his lips command,
And spreads his brave example thro' the land.
Not so the former reigns----------
Bend down his earth to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
Are too divine, too vast, to be exprest:
Colours must fail where words and numbers fai
And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to

PART II.

Now Muse, pursue the satirist again,
Wipe off the blots of his envenom'd pen.
Hark how he bids the servile painter draw
In monstrous shapes the patrons of our law:
At one slight dash he cancels ev'ry name
From the white rolls of honesty and fame:
This scribbling wretch marks all he meets for
Shoots sudden bolts promiscuous at the base and

Live, my dear Hartopp! live to-day,
Nor let the sun look down and say
"Inglorious here he lies:"
Shake off your ease, and send your name
To immortality and fame
By ev'ry hour that flies.

II.

Youth's a soft scene, but trust her not;
Her airy minutes swift as thought
Slide off the slipp'ry sphere:
Moons with their months make hasty roun
The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

III.

Let folly dress in green and red,
And gird her waist with flowing gold

IV.

Bright and lasting bliss below
Is all romance and dream,
Only the joys celestial flow
In an eternal stream.
The pleasures that the smiling day
With large right hand bestows
Falsely her left conveys away
And shuffles in our woes.
So have I seen a mother play
And cheat her silly child;
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and smil'd.

V.

Airy Chance and iron Fate
Hurry and vex our mortal state,
And all the race of ills create;
Now fiery joy, now sullen grief,
Commands the reins of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll;
The harness'd hours and minutes strive,
And days with stretching pinions drive---
Down fiercely on the goal.

VI.

Not half so fast the galley flies
O'er the Venetian sea
When sails, and oars, and lab'ring skies
Contend to make her way.

To Thomas Gunston, Esq. Happy Solitude.

Casimire, Book IV. Ode 12. *Imitate*

Quid me latentem, &c.

I.

The noisy world complains of me
That I should shun their sight and flee
Visits, and crowds, and company.
Gunston! the lark dwells in her nest
Till she ascend the skies,
And in my closet I could rest
Till to the heav'ns I rise.

II.

Yet they will urge "This private life
"Can never make you blest,

III.

When I within myself retreat
I shut my doors against the great,
My busy eyeballs inward roll,
And there with large survey I see
All the wide theatre of Me,
And view the various scenes of my retiring soul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my God.

IV.

There's a day hast'ning ('t is an awful day!)
When the Great Sov'reign shall at large review
All that we speak and all we do,
The sev'ral parts we act on this wide stage of clay:
These he approves and those he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter and a prince he damns.
O if the Judge from his tremendous seat
Shall not condemn what I have done
I shall be happy tho' unknown,
Nor heed the gazing rabble nor the scouting street.

V.

I hate the glory, Friend! that springs
From vulgar breath and empty sound:
Fame mounts her upward with a flatt'ring gale
Upon her airy wings;

y shoots and Fame receives thee wound,
flagging pinions fail,
Glory falls and strikes the ground,
ks her batter'd limbs.
et me be quite conceal'd from Fame:
opy I should lie
obscurity.
loud world pronounce my little name!
ould live and die alone;
ely be due
our taste of pleasure new.
I'd live and die with you,
our souls are one.

VI.

could sit and pass the hour,
kingdoms and their kings,
e at all their shining things

To John Hartopp, Esq. now Sir John

The disdain, 1700.

I.

HARTOPP! I love the soul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet:
Fleetwood, and all thy heav'nly line,
Look thro' the stars and smile divine
Upon an heir so great.
Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild scenes of busy life,
The noise, th' amusements, and the strife,
Are but the visions of the night,
Gay phantoms of delusive light,
Or a vexatious dream.

II.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
ngredient of our frame:
Ve're born to live above the beast
quit the manly name.
easures of sense we leave for boys;
shining dust the miser's food;
Fancy feed on fame and noise,
s must pursue diviner joys,
seize th' immortal good.

To Mitio, my friend.

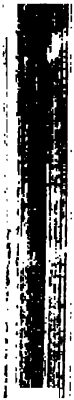
An epistle.

GIVE me, Mitio, that there should be
lines in the following poems inscribe
after your entrance into that state wh
d for the completest happiness on ear
quickly discover that the Muse in th
represents the shades and dark colours
throws upon love and the social life
perhaps she indulges her own bright id
the accounts are but well balanced
gs set in a due light, I hope there is n
ure. Here you will find an attempt m
of the most important concerns of hum
, and that with a solemnity becomin
t. I have banished grimace and ridicu
of the most serious character may read

Gay fields, and skies, and seas; the actors r
The plot immense; a flight of demons sit
On ev'ry sailing cloud with fatal purpose,
And shoot across the scenes ten thousand a
Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death:
The pointed plagues fly silent thro' the air
Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the
Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wishes an associate: lo! she glides
Single thro' all the storm and more secure;
Less are her dangers, and her breast receive
The fewest darts. "But O my lov'd Mari
"My sister once my friend, (Dianthe crie
"How much art thou expos'd! thy growi
"Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in child
"Stands but the broader mark for all the n
"That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal s
"Children! those dear young limbs, tho
"Of your own flesh, those little other selv
"How they dilate to wide dimensions,
"And soften ev'ry fibre to impieve
"The mother's sad capacity of pain!
"I mourn Fidelio too, tho' Heav'n has ch
"A fairer mate for him, of all her sex
"The pride and flow'r: how bless'd the lo
"Beyond expression, if well-mingled love
"Excesses well-mingled could improve

" Renews the [illegible]
" There not a wound afflicts the meanest je
" Of his fair partner or her infant-train
" (Sweet babes!) and pierces to his inmost
" Strange is thy pow'r O Love! What num'
" And art'ries, and arms, and hands, and e
" Are link'd and fasten'd to a lover's heart
" By strong but secret strings! With vain
" We put the Stoic on, in vain we try
" To break the ties of Nature and of blood;
" Those hidden threads maintain the dear co
" Inviolably firm; their thrilling motions
" Reciprocal give endless sympathy
" In all the bitters and the sweets of life.
" Thrice happy man if pleasure only knew
" These avenues of love to reach our souls,
[illegible] 'em!"

Nor put the chains on, dang'rous to try
And hard to be dissolv'd; yet rising tears
Sat on her eyelids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious sorrow, and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks to mourn the hapless state
Of mortal love; love, thou best blessing sent
To soften life and make our iron cares
Easy; but thy own cares of softer kind
Give sharper wounds; they lodge too near the heart,
Beat like the pulse perpetual, and create
A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.
Say, my companion Mitio, speak sincere
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities, tumultuous rise
If but the absence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly smiles
The cheerful sun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain; the region of thy soul
Is darkness till thy better star appear.
Tell me what toil, what torment, to sustain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages; fancy roves
Restless in fond inquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe; Charissa, in whose life
Thy life consists and in her comfort thine.
Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms
Of dire disquietude, and round thine ears
Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,



To faithful ears, and be they burn
In friendship and oblivion, lest th
Thy new-born pleasures with dist
Nor let thine eye too greedily drin
The frightful prospect, when untir
Shall make wild inroads on a pare
And his dear off-spring to the cruel
Are dragg'd in sad succession, whi
Is torn away piecemeal: thus dies
A various death, and frequent ere
The theatre and make his exit fina
But if his dearest half, his faithf
Survive, and in the sweetest sadde
Of love and grief approach with th
To close his swimming eyes, what

With sobbing accents, with such sad regret,
Leaves his kind fea'her'd mate: the widow bird
Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life, or falls a speedier prey
To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirst for blood———

PART II.

Or the bright vision.

Thus far the Muse in unaccustom'd mood
And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear,
Indulg'd a gloom of thought, and thus she sang
Partial; for Melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in sable robe: the pensive Muse
Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought
Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial ray,
In the fair world of love; but while she gaz'd
Delightful on the state of twin-born souls
United bless'd the cruel shade apply'd,
A dark long tube and a false tinctur'd glass
Deceitful, blending love and life at once
In darkness, chaos, and the common mass
Of mis'ry: now Urannia feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optic in disdain.
Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo
The scene shines bright with bliss. Behold the place
Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come
With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,

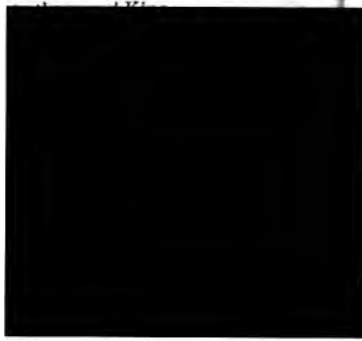
alice forky-tongu'd. On this dear spot,
my love would fix and plant thy station,
thy part of life serene, and bless'd
the fair comfort fitted to thy heart.
'tis a vision of that happy grove
e the first authors of our mournful race
n sweet partnership; one hour they liv'd,
ang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent pair!)
n, and shame, and this waste wilderness
rs, and nine hundred years of pain.
ishing Muse new dresses the fair garden
this d sert world with budding bliss,
vergreens, and balms, and flow'ry beauties,
ut one dang'rous tree: there heav'nly dews
ly descending shall impearl the grass
erdant herbage; drops of fragrancy
mbling on the spires: the spicy vapours

In milder rays serene should nightly rise
Full orb'd, (if Heav'n and Nature will indulge
So fair an emblem) big with silver joys,
And still forget her wane. The feather'd choir
Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing.
Or perch'd on ev'ning bough, shall join your worship,
Join your sweet vespers and the morning song.
O sacred symphony; Hark, thro' the grove
I hear the sound divine! I'm all attention,
All ear, all ecstasy; unknown delight!
And the fair Muse proclaims the heav'n below.
Not the seraphic minds of high degree
Disdain converse with men: again returning
I see th' ethereal host on downward wing:
Lo! at the eastern gate young cherubs stand
Guardians, commission'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures
Supernal and from brutal dregs refin'd
Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught
The Patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
Of heav'n; (so Milton sings, enlighten'd bard!
Nor miss'd his eyes when in sublimest strain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's sons high favour'd) thou shalt learn
Celestial lessons from his awful tongue,
And with soft grace and interwoven loves

Thus with divine discourse
Of Eden our first father entertain'd
Eve his sole auditress, and deep dispute,
With conjugal caresses on her lip,
Solv'd easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.
Now this day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear associates seated low
On humble turf with rose and myrtle strew'd,
But high their conference! How self-suffic'd
Lives their Eternal Maker, girt around
With glories, arm'd with thunders, and his th
Mortal access forbids, projecting far
Splendours unsuff'rable and radiant death.
With rev'rence and abasement deep they fal'
the sov'reign Majesty to pay

The lovers with endearment mutual thus
Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate
His manly judgment still resolv'd, and still
Held her attention fix'd: she musing sat
On the sweet mention of incarnate Love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains.
" She sang the Infant God, (mysterious theme!)
" How vile his birth-place and his cradle vile!
" The ox and ass his mean companions; there
" In habit vile the shepherds flock around
" Saluting the great Mother, and adore
" Israel's anointed King, th' appointed Heir
" Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
" Beneath his regal state, for thee, my Mitio,
" Debas'd in servile form; but angels stood
" Minst'ring round their charge with folded wings
" Obsequious, tho' unseen, while lightsome hours
" Fulfill'd the day, and the gray ev'ning rose:
" Then the fair guardians hov'ring o'er his head,
" Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,
" And with their fanning pinions purge the air
" From busy phantoms, from infectious damps
" And impure taint, while their ambrosial plumes
" A dewy slumber on his senses shed.
" Alternate hymns the heav'nly watchers sung
" Melodious, soothing the surrounding shades,
" And kept the darkness chaste and holy: then

arm'd, and all her gazing eyes
their mighty Maker sleep.
ns disperse, the rosy Morn
st with eyelids op'ning fair,
s thine. O! I could fold thee,
ghty, my Creator-babe,
e arms! for ever dwell
form with gazing joy,
should beat seraphic love!
should crowding cherubs come
ition, zealous to attend
id form a heav'n below the sky.
issa, O forbear the thought
ess and forgive the man
such melting harmony!"
wakes her nobler pow'rs



" (Horrible load!) the sinless Saviour g
" And in fierce anguish of his soul exp
" Adoring angels pry with bending hea
" Searching the deep contrivance, and
" This infinite design. Here peace is
" 'Twixt God the Sov'reign and the re
" Here Satan, overthrown with all his
" In second ruin rages and despairs;
" Malice itself despairs. The captive
" Long held in slav'ry hopes a sweet re
" And Adam's ruin'd offspring shall re
" Thus ransom'd from the greedy jaws
The fair disciple heard; her passions
Harmonious to the great discourse, and
Refin'd devotion, while new smiles of l
Repay her teacher. Both with bended
Read o'er the cov'nant of eternal life
Brought down to men, seal'd by the sac
In heav'n, and seal'd on earth with Go
Here they unite their names again and
These peaceful articles. (Hail, blessed
Celestial! ye shall grow to manly age,
And spite of earth and hell in season du
Possess the fair inheritance above.)
With joyous admiration they survey)
The gospel treasures infinite, unseen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought, riches div

nours, which th' almighty Father-Go
vith immense profusion on his Son,
easurer of heav'n. The Son bestows
, the love, the blessing, and the joy,
krupt mortals who believe and love
ne. " Then my Charissa all is thine
hine, my Mitio, the fair saint replies.
death, the world below, and worlds c
place and time are ours, and thi gs to
past and present, for our int'rest stand
in our mys'ic Head, the title sure.
for our health and sweet refreshment,
ojourn strangers here, the fruitful ear
plenteous, and revolving seasons still
her vast globe in various ornament:
s this cheerful sun and cheerful light

" Shine and release us hence and bear us high,
" Bear us at once unsever'd to our better home!"
O blest'd connubial state! O happy pair,
Envy'd by yet unsociated souls
Who seek their faithful twins! Your pleasures rise
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as glorious noon, serenely calm
As summer ev'nings. The vile sons of earth
Groveling in dust, with all their noisy jars
Restless, shall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendship and love shall undistinguish'd reign
O'er all your passions with unrivall'd sway,
Mutual and everlasting: friendship knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each possesses, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live: there 's not one thought
Can lurk in close reserve, to barriers fix'd,
But ev'ry passage open as the day
To one another's breast and inmost mind.
Thus by communion your delight shall grow, [flow,
Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as they
Thus angels mix their flames and more divinely glow.

Should sov'reign Love [illegible]
With all his train of pomp and state,
And bid the daring Muse relate
His comforts and his cares,
Mitio, I would not ask the sand
For metaphors t' express their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the stars.
Thy cares and comforts, sov'reign Love,
Vastly outweigh the sand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the stars above.
Thy mighty losses and thy gains
Are their own mutual measures;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleasures.

II.

thy soul's remotest part
a thought or wish from the beloved fair.
a pitch thy pleasures fly
endship all sincere grows up to ecstasy,
ontracts the bliss nor vice pollutes the joy;
y dear offspring round thee sit,
ng innocently at thy feet,
lest thoughts engage;
tle images of thee,
etty toys of youth they be,
wing props of age!

III.

t is earthly bliss! the changing wind
ns the sickly south, and brings
nt fevers on its sultry wings;
s Death sits close behind:
iping infants and a wife in tears
ercing groans salutes his ears,
'ry vein the thrilling torments roll;
weet and bitter are at strife
dear miseries of life,
nd'rest pieces of his bleeding soul.
sing sense of love a while
th the heart-ach, may the pain beguile,
e a feeble fight,
ows like a gloomy deluge rise,
'ry smiling passion dies,
e alone with wakeful eyes,
; and solitary, waits the slow returning light.

just after Mr.

ıld sing
ng.
es live
give,
William stands,
's hands:
yden's praise;
bays.

So smooth your numbers, friend, your vers
So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
That with her Martial Rome would place C
Rome would prefer your sense and thought
Yet modest you decline the public stage
To fix your friend alone amidst th' applaudi
So Maro did: the mighty Maro sings
In vast heroic notes of vast heroic things,
And leaves the odes to dance upon his Fl
He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Tho' his brave genius flash'd Pindaric fire,
And at his will could silence all the Lyric qui
So to his Varius he resign'd the praise
Of the proud buskin and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein.

animat, agitque, et concordes in ambobus e
tus: O utinam crescat indies et vigescat m
ritas! faxit Deus, ut amor sui nostra incen
fœcet pectora, tunc etenim et alternis puræ
flammis erga nos invicem divinum in modu
mus; contemplemur Jesum nostrum, cœles
adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille est

Qui quondam æterno delapsus ab æthere vi
Induit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras
(Heu miseras!) sufferre vices; sponsoris ch
Munia, et in sese tabulæ maledicta minacis
Transtulit, et sceleris pœnas hominisque reat

Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herban
Integer, innocuas versus sua sidera palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula

" Hæc" ait "iratum forbebunt pectora ferrum,
" Abulat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis."
Dixit, et horrendum fremuêre tonitrua cœli
Infensusque Deus; (quem jam posuisse paternum
Musa queri vellet nomen, sed fit ipsa fragores
Ad tantos pevefacta silet.) Jam dissilit æther,
Pandunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
Ira, et pœnarum thesauros mille coercet,
Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,
Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ
In caput immeritum; diro hic sub pondere pressus
Restat compressos dumque ardens explicat artus.
Purpureo * vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt.
Nec tamen infando vindex regina labori
Segniùs incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes
Acriter, et somno languentem suscitat ensem: †
" Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, et imbue sacro
" Flumine mucronem; vos hinc mea spicula latè
" Ferrea per totum dispergite termina Christum,
" Immensum tolerare valet: ad pondera pœnæ
" Sustentanda hominem suffulciet incola numen.
" Et tu sacra Decus Legum, violata tabella,
" Ebibe vindictam; vastâ satiabere cæde,
" Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens
" Permistus deitate cruror."----------
Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ

---

* Luke xxii 44. † Zech xiii 7.

Urget Patris honos, et non vincenda voti
Servandi miseros fontes; O nobilis ardor
Pœnarum; O quid non mortalia pectora
Durus amor? Quid non cœlestia?

At subsidat phantasia, vanescant imagine
me proripuit amens Musa; volui quatu
dibus astringere, et ecce! numeri crescu
sum; dumque concitato genio laxavi f
ne juvenilis impetus theologiam læsei
nimis imaginatio. Heri adlata est ad n
dicans matrem melinsculè se habere, libe
non prorsus deseruit mortale ejus domic
volui, sed turgidi et crescentes versus
et coarctârunt scriptionis limites. Val
in studio pietatis et artis medicæ stri

Fratris R. W. olim navigantis, Kal. X.bris 1691.

I Felix, pede prospero
I frater, trabe pineâ.
Sulces æquora cœrula
Pandas carbasa flatibus
Quæ tutò reditura sint.
Non te monstra natantia
Ponti carnivoræ incolæ
Prædentur rate naufragâ.
Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhospita
Ponti regna, per avois
Tractus, et liquidum chaos.
Nec te forbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec scopulus minax
Rumpat roboreum latus.
Capient mitia flamina
Antennæ; et Zephyri leves
Dent portum placidum tibi.
Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceani regis,
Et sævum Boream domas,
Da fratri facilis vias,
Et fratrem reducem suis.

Sacra sopitis superinferens ob-
livia curis;
Stet juxtà Casimirus, * huic nec parciùs
Natura indulsit nec Musa armavit alumn
Sarbivium * rudiore lyrâ
Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum ?
Humana † linquens (èn sibi devii
Montea recedunt) luxuriantibus
Spatiatur in aëre pennis.
Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,
Cognatosve thronos et patrium Polum
Visurus consurgis ovans,
Visum fatigas aciemque fallis,
Dum tuum à longè stupeo volatum
O non imitabilis ales.

Jam juga Zionis radens pede
Elato inter sidera radens vertice
Longè despecto mortalia.
Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia sæcli
Terrellæ grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit.
O curas hominum miseras! Cano,
Et miseras fugas diademata!
Ventosæ sortis ludibrium.
En mihi subsidunt terrenæ à pectore faces,
Gestit et effrænis divinum effundere carmen
Mens afflata Deo----
---At vos heroes et arma
Et procul este Dii, ludicra numina.
Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ,
Pallas! aut vestris, Dionyse, Thyrsis?
Et clava, et anguis, et leo, et Hercules,
Et brutum tonitru fictitii patris,
Abstate carmine nostro.

V.

Te, Deus Omnipotens! te nostra sonabit Jesu
Musa, nec assueto cœlestes barbiton ausû
Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite Numen et
Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege sonabunt.

" Sed Musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor;
" divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. Ennius

Votum, seu vita in terris beata.

Ad virum dignissimum Johannem Hartappium,
1702.

I.

Hartoppi eximo stemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenii divite, si rogès
Quem mea Musa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter et ampliùs,
Et similes superis annos agit
"Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi."
Hunc longè à curis mortalibus
Inter agros, sylvasque silentes
Se Musisque suis tranquillâ in pace fru
[illegible] et recumbens.

Ducent ab obscurâ quietæ
Ad lucem radientis aulæ

iii.

O si deretur flamina proprii
Tractare fusi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi singere fatum;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Filia nativo decoraret albo
Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ
Longè à triumphis, et sonitu tubæ
Longè remotos transigerem dies:
Abstate faces (splendida vanitas)
Et vos abstate, coronæ.

iv.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres
Captet auroras, procul urbis atræ
Distet à fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.
Displicet Byrsa et fremitu molesto
Turba mercantûm; gratiùs aiunt
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons salientis aquæ.

v.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
Eminus in tuto à linguis------

Tuque quæ nostris inimicia [illegible]
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,
Absis æternùm, diva libidinis
Et pharetrate puer!
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longiùs avola?
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus;
Ætherea fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,
Et juvenis Jessæus amor mihi.

VII.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jessæa) lætis auribus insonet,
Nec Wasianis è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora,
Sacri libelli, deliciæ, meæ,
Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,

To Mrs. Singer, (now Mrs. Rowe.)

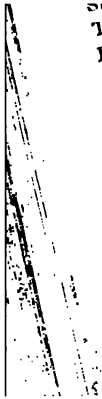
On the sight of some of her divine poems, never printed.
July 19, 1706.

I.

On the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp, nor did celestial themes
Refuse to dance upon my strings:
There beneath th' ev'ning sky
I sung my cares asleep, and rais'd my wishes high
To everlasting things.
Sudden from Albion's western coast
Harmonious notes come gliding by;
The neighb'ring shepherds knew the silver sound;
"'Tis Philomela's voice," the neighb'ring shepherds cry.
At once my strings all silent lie,
At once my fainting Muse was lost,
In the superior sweetness drown'd:
In vain I bid my tuneful pow'rs unite;
My soul retir'd and left my tongue:
I was all ear, and Philomela's song
Was all divine delight.

II.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My Muse attempt no more: 'twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales and wars of Rome:



To tune the notes
Let all my pow'rs with awe pro
While Philomela sings,
Attend the rapture of the sound,
And my devotion rise on her seraphic wing

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE DE/

An epitaph on King William III. of glorious
died March 8, 1701-2.

BENEATH these honours of a tomb
Greatness in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies!)

2. Preserve, O venerable Pile!
Inviolate thy sacred trust;
To thy cold arms the British isle
Weeping commits her richest dust.

3. Ye gentlest ministers of Fate
Attend the Monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest slumbers wait
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

4. Rest his dear sword beneath his head,
Round him his faithful arms shall stand;
Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

5. Ye sister-arts of Paint and Verse
Place Albion fainting by his side,
Her groans arising o'er the hearse,
And Belgia sinking when he dy'd.

" William, the scourge of tyrants past
" And awe of princes yet unborn."

8. Sweet Peace his sacred relics keep
With olives blooming round her head,
And stretch her wings across the deep
To bless the nations with the shade.

9. Stand on the pile immortal Fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,
Thy thousand voices sound his name
In silver accents round the globe.

10. Flattery shall faint beneath the sou
While hoary Truth inspires the song,
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And Slander gnaw her forky tongue.

11. Night and the Grave remove your
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead.

On the sudden death of Mrs. Mary Peacock.

An elegiac song, sent in a letter of condolence to Mr. N. P. merchant at Amsterdam.

HARK! she bids all her friends adieu,
Some angel calls her to the spheres,
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue,
Thro' liquid telescopes of tears.

2. Farewell, bright soul! a short farewell
Till we shall meet again above
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell
And trees of life bear fruits of love.

3. There glory sits on ev'ry face,
There friendship smiles in ev'ry eye,
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

4. O'er all the names of Christ our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps shall sound from ev'ry string
The wonders of his bleeding love.

5. Come, Sov'reign Lord, dear Saviour! come,
Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour how long it stays!

6. How long must we lie ling'ring here
While saints around us take their flight?
Smiling they quit this dusky sphere
And mount the hills of heav'nly light.

Spirabat ipse u...
Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper recens u
Et semper supra socios;
Gratumque dilectissimi sui Jesu
Quaquaversus et late diffud
Dolores tolerans supra fide
Ærumnæque heu quam assi
Invicto animo, victrice patie
Varias curarum moles pert
Et in stadio et in metâ vit
Quam ubi propinquam vid
Pierophoriâ fidei quasi curru alat
Properé et exultim attigi
Natus est in agro Lancastriensi 20
Inter Nov-Anglos Theologiæ tyr
Pastorali munere diu Dublinii in Hib

Infandum sui desiderium:
Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulcé dormit
Expectans stellam matutinam.

To the Reverend Mr. John Shower, on the death of his daughter Mrs. Anne Warner.

Reverend and dear Sir,

How great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort; your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow, for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence, and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of heaven and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits and search them out there: thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner, and these thoughts crowding fast upon me I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was falling upon the dark side of death I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines

An elegiac thought on Mrs. Anne Warner, u
small-pox, December 18, 1707, at one o'clo
ing, a few days after the birth and death of he

AWAKE my Muse, range the wide worl
And seek Vernera fled; with upward ai
Direct thy wing, for she was born from
Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.
The midnight watch of angels that pa
The British sky have notic'd her ascent
Near the meridian star; pursue the trac
[illegible] of immortal day

And travels thro' this howling wilderness;
By what divine protections she escap'd
Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to assail her virtue;
(Snares set to murder souls) but Heav'n secur'd
The fav'rite nymph and taught her victory.
Or does she seek or has she found her babe
Amongst the infant nation of the bless'd,
And clasp'd it to her soul to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
The unfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!
That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
From our dim regions to th' eternal sun
And led the parent's way to glory! there
Thou art for ever her's, with pow'rs enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and sweet converse.
Behold her ancestors, (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
And sing her welcome. She along their seats
Gliding salutes them all with honours due,
Such as are paid in heav'n; and last she finds
A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light
But vacant: "This," with sure presage she cries,
"Awaits my father, when will he arrive?
"How long, alas how long!" then calls her mate,
"Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares!
"Die and partake my bliss! we are for ever one."
Ah me! where roves my fancy! what kind dreams

From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuou
And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that
Tell me on what sublimer theme she dw
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my so
O when shall thy release from cumbrous
Pass the great seal of Heav'n? what hap
Shall give thy thought a loose to soar an
The intellectual world? divine delight!
Vernera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps she si
To some new golden harp th' almighty d
The names, the honours, of her Saviour
His cross, his grave, his vict'ry, and his
Oh could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them------

And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride, for ever banish'd flies the place,
Curs'd pride, the dress of hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
Some blissful image of the fair dress'd
To call my passions and my eyes aside
From the dear breathless clay, distressing sight;
I look, and mourn, and gaze, with greedy view
Of melancholy fondness; tears bedewing
That form so late desir'd, so late belov'd,
Now loathsome and unlovely. Base disease
That leagu'd with nature's sharpest pains, and spoil'd
So sweet a structure! the impoisoning taint
O'erspreads the building wrought with skill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the dust.
Was this the countenance where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue? this the face
Where love triumph'd? and Beauty on these cheeks
As on a throne beneath her radiant eyes
Was seated to advantage, mild, serene,
Reflecting rosy light! So sits the sun,
(Fair eye of heav'n!) upon a crimson cloud
Near the horison, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the sky, till rising fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
Involve the golden star, and sink him down
Oppress'd with darkness----------

I know the kindred mind: [illegible]
Among the heav'nly forms I see
The kindred mind from fleshly bondage fr
O how unlike the thing was lately seen
Groaning and panting on the bed
With ghastly air and languish'd head,
Life on this side, there the dead,
While the delaying flesh lay shivering be

II.

Long did the earthy house restrain
In toilsome slav'ry that ethereal guest,
Prison'd her round in walls of pain,
And twisted cramps and aches with her
Till by the weight of num'rous days op
The earthy house began to reel,
[illegible] trembled, and the building

Rase out those melancholy shapes of wo
That hang around thy mem'ry and becloud it so.
Come, Fancy, come with essences refin'd,
With youthful green and spotless white;
Deep be the tincture and the colours bright
T' express the beauties of a naked mind.
Provide no gloom to form a shade;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly piece require a mortal aid;
But if the features too divine
Beyond the pow'r of fancy shine
Conceal th' inimitable strokes behind a graceful shrine.

IV.

Describe the saint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in just proportion meet;
But let her posture be
Filling a chair of high degree;
Observe how near it stands to the almighty seat.
Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise
And joys unknown below the skies,
Virtue that lives conceal'd below
And to the breast confin'd
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories thro'
The features of the mind.

Observ'd a manly spirit nigh *
That death had long disjoin'd:
" In the fair tablet they shall stand
" Uni:ed by a happier band,"
She said, and fix'd her sight and drew the
Recount the years, my song, (a mourn
Since he was seen on earth no more;
He fought in lower seas and drown'd,
But victory and peace he found
On the superiot shore:
There now his tuneful breath in sacred
Employs the European and the Easterr
Let the awful truncheon and the flute,
The pencil and the well-known lute,
Pow'rful numbers, charming wit,

VI.

'Tis done: what beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright original!
'Tis done; the Muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece Urania from above,
And let my honour and my love
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

A funeral poem on the death of Thomas Gunston, Esq. presented to the Right Hon. the Lady Abney, Lady Mayoress of London.

MADAM, *July* 1701.

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward Muse, but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington, nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your Ladyship will find throughout the poem that the fair and unfinished

The poem roves as ... part of the fabric to the other; it ris dation, salutes the walls, the doors drops a tear upon the roof, and clim pleasant retreat where I promised m hours of his conversation; there n amongst the delightful subjects di which used to entertain our happy le descends to the fields and the shady w often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; fuse themselves there without a li forgotten all scheme and method of v rect myself, and rise to the turret aga desolate seat. Now if the critics lau the Muse for taking too much noti ... let them consider that the m

praises of the deceased. and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss; but I wrote merely for myself as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing out my own complaints: I knew his character and virtues so well that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself, for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps your Ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations mingled with a subject so solemn as this is. Had I formed a design of offering it to your hands I had composed a more Christian poem; but it was grief purely natural for a death so surprising that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is your Ladyship requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honour that I bore him: all which, as your Ladyship's most rightful due both by merit and by succession, is now humbly offered by

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most hearty
and obedient servant,

I. WATTS.

Or blasted hopes and of short
Sing heav'nly Muse; try thine
In funeral numbers and a dolef
Gunston the just, the generou
Gunston the friend, is dead.
Of earthly bliss! 't is all an ai
All a vain thought! our soarin
On treach'rous wings, and ho
Drag but a longer ruin thro' t
And plunge the falling joy stil
How did our souls stand fla
To shout him welcome to the
There the dear man should se
Smiling, and tasting ev'ry la
That peace and plenty brings
Circling delightful play'd ar

T' allure our souls, till just within our arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms
Fly quick away from the pursuing sight
Till they are lost in shades and mingle with the night.
Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey bend
To the fair fabric that thy dying friend
Built nameless; 't will suggest a thousand things
Mournful and soft as my Urania sings.
How did he lay the deep foundations strong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and lasting! there a num'rous train
Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign
While nations perish and long ages run,
Nations unborn and ages unbegun;
Not time itself should waste the bless'd estate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
How fond our fancies are! the founder dies
Childless; his sisters weep and close his eyes,
And wait upon his hearse with never ceasing cries:
Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrow nods on ev'ry plume;
A thousand groans his dear remains convey
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's sacred tears well wat'ring all the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the sable road
But no dear son to attend the mournful load,
And fondly kind drop his young sorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear,

And must this building then, th
Stand here for strangers? must sor
Possess the e rooms, the labours o
Why were these walls rais'd for thi
Why these apartments all adorn'd s
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus a
Muse, view the paintings, how the
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton
And mingled shades wrought in by
Give a sweet soil to all the charmi
But night, eternal night, hangs bl
The dismal chambers of the hollow
And solid shades unmingled round l
Stand hideous; earthy fogs embrace
And noisome vapours glide along h

The pillars languish, and each lofty wall
Stately in grief laments the master's fall:
In drops of briny dew the fabric bears
His faint resemblance and renews my tears:
Solid and square it rises from below;
A noble air without a gaudy show
Reigns thro' the model and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain: such was the builder's soul.
O how I love to view the stately frame
That dear memorial of the best-lov'd name!
Then could I wish for some prodigious cave,
Vast as his seat and silent as his grave,
Where the tall shades stretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day and guard the sunbeams off:
Thither my willing feet should ye be drawn
At the gray twilight and the early dawn,
There sweetly sad should my soft minutes roll
Numb'ring the sorrows of my drooping soul.
But these are airy thoughts; substantial grief
Grows by those objects that should yield relief:
Fond of my woes I heave my eyes around,
My grief from ev'ry prospect courts a wound,
Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,
Still my heart sinks and still my cares arise;
My wand'ring feet round the fair mansion rove,
And there to sooth my sorrows I indulge my love.
Oft' have I laid the awful Calvin by
And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye

With ma...,
Two days ago we took the ev ....
I and my grief and my Urania th
Say, my Urania, how the wester
Broke from black clouds and in fi
Gilding the roof, then dropt into
And sudden night devour'd the s
Thus the bright youth just rear'd
From obscure shades of life and t
The rising sun, adorn'd with all
Smiles on these walls again; bu
Reigns uncontroll'd where the
He 's set for ever and must nev
Then why these smiles, unseas
These lightsome smiles, descer
To greet a mourning house? i

See while I speak high on her sable wheel
Old night advancing climbs the eastern hill;
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold
How their brown pinions edg'd with ev'ning gold
Spread shadowing o'er the house and glide away,
Slowly pursuing the declining day:
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,
Thus days before they did and days to come they will;
But the black cloud that shadows o'er his eyes
Hangs there unmoveable and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah, fruitless wish! how are his curtains drawn
For a long ev'ning that despairs the dawn!
Muse, view the turret: just beneath the skies
Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes,
As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat!
Sacred to friendship! O divine retreat!
Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed beforehand on the promis'd joy,
When weary of the noisy Town my friend
From mortal cares retiring should ascend
And lead me thither. We alone would sit,
Free and secure of all intruding feet;
Our thoughts should stretch their longest wings and rise,
Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies;
Our tongues should aim at everlasting themes,
And speak what mortals dare of all the names
Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats,
Built high in heav'n for souls: we'd trace the streets

And [illegible]
Then would we [illegible]
And walk right upwards to the
We'd charge our parting spirits there
There hand in hand approach the al
And bend our heads adoring at our
Thus should we mount on bold ad
In high discourse and dwell on hea
While the pleas'd hours in sweet
And minutes measur'd as they a
By ever-circling joys and ever-
Anon our thoughts shou'd lo
Sink by degrees, and take a pl
A large round prospect, of th
The wealthy river and his wi
The smoky city and the bus
How we should smile to see
[illegible] lives and fight

And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool!
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal wo.
Another tribe toil in a diff'rent strife,
And banish all the lawful sweets of life
To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,
And never dare to use a grain of all the store.
'Happy the man that knows the value just
Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust;
'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
To fav'rite souls: then happy thou my friend,
For thou hadst learnt to manage and command
The wealth that Heav'n bestow'd with lib'ral hand;
Hence this fair structure rose, and hence this seat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet;
In vain 't was made! for we shall never meet
And smile, and love, and bless, each other here;
The envious tomb forbids thy face t' appear,
Detains thee, Gunston! from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie bury'd where my Gunston lies.
Come hither all ye tend'rest souls that know
The heights of fondness and the depths of wo;
Young mothers who your darling babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghastly wound,
Ye frighted nymphs who on the bridal bed
Clasp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,

Born for a friend—
Beyond all Nature's ties, you that h
Two happy souls made intimately c
And felt a parting stroke, 't is you
The smart, the twinges, and the ra
This soul of mine that dreadful wou
Off from its side its dearest half is t
The rest lies bleeding, and but live
Oh, infinite distress! such raging g
Should command pity and despair
Passion methinks should rise from
Give sense to rocks and sympathy
Ye dusky woods and echoing hil
Repeat my cries with a perpetual
Be all ye flow'ry vales with thorn
Assist my sorrows and declare yo
the hum

The oak shall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out while his arms unwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding soul
with mine.
Ye stately elms, in your long order mourn,*
Strip off your pride to dress your master's urn;
Here gently drop your leaves instead of tears;
Ye elms, the rev'rend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the blust'ring rage
Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age
To shew your sorrows: often ye have seen
Our heads reclin'd upon the rising green;
Beneath your sacred shade diffus'd we lay,
Here friendship reign'd with an unbounded sway:
Hither our souls their constant off'rings brought,
The burthens of the breast and labours of the thought:
Our op'ning bosoms on the conscious ground
Spread all the sorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled ev'ry care; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleasures were our own;
Then with an equal hand and honest soul
We share the heap, yet both possess the whole
And all the passions there thro' both our bosoms roll:
By turns we comfort and by turns complain,
And bear and ease by turns the sympathy of pain.
Friendship! mysterious thing, what magic pow'rs
Support thy sway and charm these minds of ours?

* There was a long row of tall elms then standing, some years after the lower garden was made.

We snatch [illegible]
To call them ours, and those
Plague the dear self that we v
Thou tyranness of minds, wh
Heaps on poor mortals sorro
As tho' our mother Nature
Find woes sufficient for eac
Friendship divides the sha
the store;
Yet are we fond of thine
Proud of thy slav'ry, wa
And chide the courteous
the chain.
Virtue, forgive the
Wild and despairing,
Grows mad in grief,
[illegible] st

nnet and the lark their vespers sung,
louds of crimson o'er th' horizon hung,
ow-declining sun with sloping wheels
lown the golden day behind the western hills.
irn ye young gardens; ye unfinish'd gates,
:en enclosures and ye growing sweets
it, for ye our midnight hours have known,
'atch'd us walking by the silent moon
ference divine, while heav'nly fire
ng our breasts did all our thoughts inspire
joys almost immortal; then our zeal
and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill,
ve refin'd, like that above the poles,
both our arms round one another's souls
ture and embraces. Oh, forbear,
ir, my song! this is too much to hear,
'eadful to repeat, such joys as these
'om the earth for ever----------
or a gen'ral grief! let all things share
oes that knew our loves: the neighb'ring air
be laden with immortal sighs,
:lf the gales that ev'ry breath that flies
hese fields should murmur and complain,
iss the fading grass and propagate the pain.
all ye buildings, and the groves around
er weep; this is an endless wound
nd incurable. Ye buildings knew
ver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:

Yet my fond hope would hear
Once more at least, one gentle w
Gunston aloud I call: in vain I c
Gunston aloud, for he must ne'e
In vain I mourn and drop these fi
Death and the grave have neither
Wand'ring I tune my sorrows to
And vent my swelling griefs and
While the dear youth sleeps fast
He hath forgot me; in the loneso
Mindless of Watts and friendshi
Deaf and unthinking clay--------

But whither am I led? this art
Hurries the Muse on, obstinate
To all the nicer rules, and bears
From the tall fabric to the neighb

The noisy tumults of the realms on high;
The winds salute it whistling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows rattling show'rs
Lash the fair sides; above loud thunder roars;
But still the master sleeps, nor hears the voice
Of sacred friendship nor the tempest's noise:
An iron slumber sits on ev'ry sense;
In vain the heav'nly thunders strive to rouse it thence.

One labour more, my Muse, the golden sphere
Seems to demand: see thro' the dusky air
Downward it shines upon the rising moon,
And as she labours up to reach her noon,
Pursues her orb with repercussive light,
And streaming gold repays the paler beams of night,
But not one ray can reach the darksome grave
Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave.
Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it flames
Like some new meteor with diffusive beams
Thro' the mid heav'n, and overcomes the stars;
"So shines thy Gunston's soul above the spheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.
"We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,
"We heard thy grief shriek out, He dies, he dies!
"Mistaken grief! to call the flesh thy friend!
"On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend;
"All heav'n embrac'd him with immortal love
"And sung his welcome to the courts above;
"Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,
"The buildings struck him with immense surprise.

" Guards off the foe, and as it move
" Millions of glories reign thro' ev'
" Infinite pow'r and uncreated art
" Stand here display'd, and to the str
" How it outshines the noblest seats
" The stranger fed his gazing pow'rs
" Transported, then with a regardles
" Glanc'd his eye downward thro' th
" And took eternal leave of what he
Now, fair Urania! leave the dolef
Raphael commands, assume thy joy
In everlasting numbers sing, and say
" Gunston has mov'd his dwelling to
" Gunston the friend lives still, and
away."

se acknowledge the favours she has received from
ving, it is a double pleasure to Sir,

Your obliged humble servant, I. WATTS.

the memory of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Gouge, who died Jan. 8. 1699-700.

I.

virgin souls, whose sweet complaint
d teach Euphrates not to flow, *
d Sion's ruin so divinely paint
y'd in beauty and in woe,
se, ye virgin-souls, to mourn,
with your tuneful sorrows dress a prophet's urn,
ld my lips or flowing eyes
mitate such charming grief,
ach the seas and teach the skies
lings, and sobs, and sympathies,
hould the stones or rocks be deaf;
s shall have eyes and stones have ears
le Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

II.

'n was impatient of our crimes,
ent his minister of death
ourge the bold rebellion of the times,
to demand our prophet's breath:
me commission'd for the fates
rful Mead and charming Bates;

* Psal. cxxxvii. Lam. i. 2, 3.

Oh painful stroke, distressing death
A wound unmeasurably wide;
No vulgar mortal dy'd
When he resign'd his breath.
The Muse that mourns a nation's fal
Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
Should mingle majesty and groans,
Such as she sings to sinking thrones,
And in deep sounding numbers tell
How Sion trembled when this pillar
Sion grows weak and England poor:
Nature herself with all her store
Can furnish such a pomp for Death n

IV.

The rev'rend man let all things mou
Sure he was some ethereal mind

v.

How would he mount, how would he fly,
Up thro' the ocean of the sky
Tow'rd the celestial coast!
With what amazing swiftness soar
Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,
And all its mountains lost!
Scarce could the Muse pursue him with her sight;
But angels, you can tell,
For oft' you met his wondrous flight
And knew the stranger well;
Say how he past the radiant spheres
And visited your happy seats,
And trac'd the well-known turnings of the golden [streets,
And walk'd among the stars.

vi.

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a strong wing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.
'Twas there he took a glorious sight
Of the inheritance of saints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft' the humble scholar came,
And to your songs he rais'd his ears
To learn th' unutterable name,
To view th' eternal base that bears
The new creation's frame.

The gl[illegible]
There he b[illegible] held the wond[illegible]
Of those celestial sacred things,
The peaceful gospel and the fiery law
In that majestic face;
That face did all his gazing pow'rs emplo
With most profound abasement and exa
The rolls of Fate were half unseal'd,
He stood adoring by,
The volumes open'd to his eye,
And sweet intelligence he held
With all his shining kindred of the sk

VII.

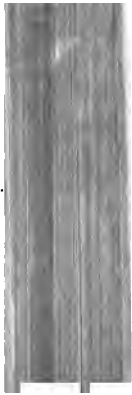
Ye seraphs that surround the throne
Tell how his name was thro' the pa
How warm his zeal was, and how
[illegible] it aloud, let half the nation
[illegible]mers shrink and
[illegible] Pr

VIII.

" We saw him," say the ethereal throng,
" We saw his warm devotions rise,
" We heard the fervour of his cries,
" And mix'd his praises with our song;
" We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours,
" Nightly he wak'd his inward pow'rs;
" Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God, [tow'rs
" And with unconquer'd force scal'd the celestial
" To reach the blessing down for those that sought his
" Oft' we beheld the Thund'rer's hand [blood.
" Rais'd high to crush the factious foe,
" As oft'-we saw the rolling Vengeance stand
" Doubtful t' obey the dread command,
" While his ascending pray'r upheld the falling blow."

IX.

Draw the past scenes of thy delight
My Muse, and bring the wondrous man to sight;
Place him surrounded as he stood
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A stream of harmony ran soft along,
And ev'ry ear drank in the flowing good:
Softly it ran its silver way
Till warm devotion rais'd the current strong,
Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,
Life, love, and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the torrent flood,
And bore our raptur'd sense away and thoughts and souls to God.



Passions of terror and del
Demand alternate sway.
Behold the man whose aw
Could well proclaim the f
Kindle the flames that M
And swell the trumpets's
He stands the herald of th
Lo on his rev'rend brow t
All Sinai's thunder on hi
Round the high roof the
Distinguishing each guilt
Far from th' unequal war
His kindled arrows still p
His arrows strike the Ath
And o'er his inmost pow'
The marble heart groans

XI.

Now Muse assume a softer strain,
Now sooth the sinner's raging smart,
Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
To calm the surging conscience and assuage the pain.
He from a bleeding God derives
Life for the souls that guilt had slain,
And straight the dying rebel lives,
The dead arise again.
The op'ning skies almost obey
His pow'rful song; a heav'nly ray
Awakes despair to light and sheds a cheerful day.
His wondrous voice rolls back the spheres,
Recalls the scenes of ancient years,
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Thro' all his labours and his loves,
The anguish of his cross and triumphs of his throne.

XII.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The steep ascent of Calvary,
And sets the fatal tree before our eye:
See here celestial sorrow reigns,
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimson of redeeming veins.
In wondrous words he sung the vital flood
Where all our sins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the spear and balmy as the blood.

discourse divine
the purple fountain flow'd,
alling tears kept sympathetic time
trickled to the ground,
le ev'ry accent gave a doleful sound,
as the breaking heart-strings of th' expi

XIII.

wn to the mansions of the dead
ith trembling joy our souls are led,
he captives of his tongue;
here the dear Prince of Light reclines hi
arkness and shades among;
With pleasing horror we survey
The caverns of the tomb
W here the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And shed a sweet perfume.
the old earthquake roars again
the chain

And gnaws th' eternal brass that binds him to the wheels:
The op'ning gates of bliss receive their King,
The Father-God smiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore and little cherubs sing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory sits fast upon his head;
Dress'd in new light and beamy robes
His hand rolls on the seasons and the shining globes,
And sways the living worlds and regions of the dead.

XV.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below;
Vast was his trust and great his skill,
Bright the credentials he could show,
And thousands own'd the seal.
His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promise, and command;
He knew the pity of Imanuel's heart
And terrors of Jehovah's hand.
How did our souls start out to hear
The embassies of love he bare,
While ev'ry ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue!
Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound;
Attention stood with all her pow'rs,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

Ye remnants of the ...
Who feel the loss come share the
And mix your groans with mine.
Where is the tongue that can des
Infinite things with equal art
Or language so divine?
Our passions want the heav'nly fl
Almighty love breathes faintly in
And awful threat'nings languish c
Howe is a great but single name,
Amidst the crowd he stands alone
Stands yet, but with his starry pi
Dress'd for the flight and ready t
Eternal God! command his stay
Stretch the dear months of his d
O we could wish his age were or

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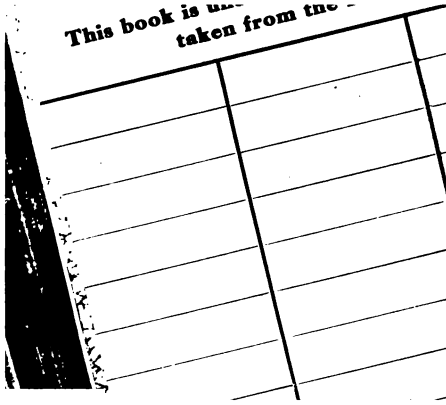
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